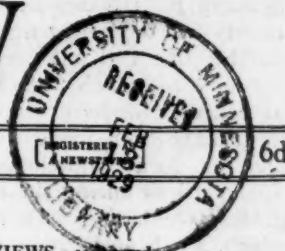


# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

WHILE American Senators angrily debate the propriety of passing even a modified naval programme immediately after the ratification of the Kellogg Pact, we have had from Germany quite an interesting reminder that Governments, whatever they may say in public about the Pact, continue to discuss military and naval programmes in private as though it had never existed. This they will continue to do until public opinion becomes much more interested in the subject than it is at present. For this reason we find it difficult to understand why the publication by the *Review of Reviews* of the memorandum in which General Gröner, the German Minister of Defence, argued in favour of building a new battle cruiser, has created a sensation in the capitals of Europe. This memorandum is intended for the leaders of the political parties and it emphasizes that "all idea of a great war is out of the question" since Germany is disarmed. It deals harshly with those extremists whose motto is "Better dead than enslaved," but it ventures to argue that, despite treaty restrictions, Germany should be strong enough to repel any possible attack on East Prussia by the Poles.

This memorandum, it is held in many quarters, proves a recrudescence of the militarist feeling in Germany, and a determination sooner or later to take back the Polish Corridor by force. To a certain extent the German authorities have lent colour to these views by instituting an enquiry to discover how the memorandum reached England, but the fuss made about the whole affair abroad seems to us exaggerated and undignified. Surely it is not to be expected that because Germany has been disarmed by the Treaty of Versailles she should not take steps to protect her neutrality in the event of a European war? "The antagonism between England and Russia," General Gröner asserts, "is notorious," and he is probably sincere in believing that, should this antagonism result in warfare, a disarmed Germany would find it impossible to keep out of the struggle. The average confidential memorandum if published would make far more sensational reading. Does anyone imagine that the memoranda of the War Office or the Committee of Imperial Defence on, for example, the subject of the Channel tunnel are one whit less "alarmist" or more in favour of further armament reduction? If the common-sense view of armaments is to win the day it is essential that we should retain our sense of proportion.



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Parliament "cut the cackle and got to the 'osses" without delay when it reassembled on Tuesday, straightway resuming consideration of the Local Government Bill. From now until the Dissolution this and finance will be the main pre-occupation of the Commons. The English and Scottish Bills between them will occupy another twenty-two days of the Session. The passage of the English Bill has been smoothed by the concessions to which the Minister of Health has agreed with the local authorities during the recess; these have been made with the object of further allaying local apprehension regarding possible financial loss during the change over to the block grant system, and as a result the period during which local authorities are to receive the full guarantee against loss has been extended from one year to three years, the subsequent first five-year period being curtailed to a four-year period. Thus the total period of transition will occupy seventeen years instead of fifteen, as originally proposed. This important amendment arranged, so to speak, by private treaty, is further evidence that the real work on this Bill is not being done by Parliament but by local authorities in consultation with the Minister of Health.

The amendment to the Local Government Bill to exclude breweries, distilleries and tobacco factories from the benefits of de-rating was lost, but those who supported it may yet have their reward in the constituencies. On the face of it the case for exclusion seemed fair enough, but it was based on a fundamental fallacy. To argue that these trades are prosperous and therefore do not need relief is altogether to misunderstand the true scope and purpose of the Bill. Emphasis on the fact that de-rating will especially help depressed industries has been allowed to obscure the main object of the Bill, which is to relieve *all* productive industry, prosperous or depressed, of an unjust system of taxation. That by so doing the Bill will bring particular relief to industries that are in a bad way is an admirable but incidental merit. As far back as last November we were pointing this out. In our issue of December 1 we wrote: "... the Bill relieves all industry, and by the method by which the formula is to be gradually introduced is likely at the outset to benefit prosperous industries a good deal more heavily than is intended when the formula is in full operation. It may even be urged that this is one of the main strengths of the Bill: that while it has not been found possible to benefit depressed industries to the full extent at the outset, it relieves all industry at a stroke, and by the immediate relief to prosperous industries may so increase their prosperity and capacity for absorbing employment that depressed industries will also benefit." This is a point which must never be lost sight of. If its details are to be judged fairly the Bill must be seen steadily and seen whole.

The amendment to Clause 68—about which we wrote at some length last week—seeking to retain the percentage grant for maternity and child-welfare services was also lost, as it was foredoomed to be, but not without an enlightening debate and a mild concession. We think that, for once, Mr.

Chamberlain did himself less than justice in treating as utterly ridiculous the suspicion that the Treasury has had any influence on the transfer from the percentage to the block grant system. Possibly this was also felt by the House and accounted for the fact that in the subsequent division the Government's majority fell to seventy-six. We are glad to note that Mr. T. J. O'Connor reserved the right to bring forward this amendment again on the Report stage. Meanwhile there are some grains of comfort to be derived from Mr. Chamberlain's promise of amendments to enable voluntary associations to start new services and to ensure that where Parliament orders a new service it will also provide new money. His further promise to strengthen the Ministry's powers of penalizing backward authorities probably foreshadows his acceptance of the amendment standing in the names of Lady Astor and others to Clause 86.

It is a noteworthy fact that the experiences of any business man who meets with disappointment in his dealings with Russia are brought to the eyes and ears of a very wide public, whereas the considerable measure of success achieved in other countries in doing business with Moscow often passes unnoticed. American financiers and merchants are rapidly overcoming their reluctance to have anything to do with Bolshevism, and it will be remembered that in October the General Electrical Company concluded a contract involving over £5,000,000. In Germany it is frankly admitted that Russo-German trade has not developed in the way the supporters of the Rapallo Treaty of 1922 had hoped, but the latest figures are none the less significant. In 1924 imports and exports between these two countries amounted to a little over £11,000,000; in 1925 they were roughly £24,000,000; in 1927 they reached £38,000,000, and there is the very respectable total of £25,000,000 for the first six months of 1928. It might be wiser to pay more attention to these facts and less to new rumours of trouble between Stalin and his colleagues.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in his speech to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on Monday that the Bank of England is co-operating with the other banks in the comprehensive scheme which has just been launched for reorganizing the Lancashire cotton industry. The scheme is a real step forward after the hesitations and delays that have occupied so much time, and it may even be that it marks the turning point in the struggle. Whether it does so or not will largely depend on the extent to which individual firms avail themselves of the opportunity to join the new corporation. The plan behind the corporation—to be called Combined American Spinners, Ltd.—follows closely on the lines made familiar by the process known as rationalization. Capital is to be combined, inefficient and overlapping mills closed down, and production concentrated and co-ordinated. If the combine is made really comprehensive the consequent saving in overhead costs and increase of efficiency in management and production should be such as to give the cotton industry, so long in the doldrums, a real chance to win its way back to prosperity.

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After the agricultural gloom of last week—the National Farmers' Union have got no change, by the way, from the Conservative Agricultural Committee—it is refreshing to hear of the early success achieved by the Ministry of Agriculture's Fruit Marketing Scheme, which came into operation only last September. Almost the whole of the quality production of apples and pears marketed under the National Mark has been sold with satisfactory results. In the early part of the season they consistently realized higher prices than comparable imported fruit. A striking instance was British National Mark Bismarck apples, which realized in Manchester last October 12s. per bushel box, whereas comparable American apples were fetching only 6s. The scheme has demonstrated quite clearly that buyers in the market want home-grown fruit and will pay remunerative prices if the quality is good. It shows also that in this department of agriculture, at least, sounder business methods will enable us to meet and beat foreign competition.

A further important result has been the convincing of many growers that to produce low-grade goods is to court disaster. Thus an acceleration of effort in high-class production has occurred which is almost certain to produce even better results next year. On the first of next month a similar scheme for eggs will come into operation whereby British eggs for the first time will be offered under a National Mark. The National Mark will guarantee that every egg offered has been singly tested for freshness. Eggs will be marketed in grades nationally agreed upon and in the non-returnable cases which the trade finds so convenient, but which we hitherto have almost entirely ignored. Sixty-nine centres for egg packing under the scheme have already been sanctioned. The Markets Board of the Ministry is to be congratulated on the success of its fruit scheme and the business-like conception of that which it is introducing for eggs.

In considering the prospects of the new Committee on Reparations it is important to remember that only about ten per cent. of the trade of the United States is with foreign countries. Therefore, even men who know Europe as well as Mr. Owen Young and Mr. Pierpont Morgan will show no enthusiasm for French proposals to commercialize Germany's reparation debts, and thereby to diminish the flow of capital to American industries. In the circumstances it is difficult to see why the French Press should suddenly attack Great Britain for declaring that her reparation receipts must cover debts she incurred on behalf of her Allies to the United States. Probably the reason is that M. Poincaré, who, after long hesitation, is in favour of the ratification of the Caillaux-Churchill and Béranger-Mellon debt agreements but cannot carry through this ratification against the will of the Marin group, wishes to distract public attention from them until the repayment of the French debt for American war stocks falls due on August 1, when these ratifications can be rushed through Parliament on the plea of *force majeure*.

The situation in Afghanistan remains obscure. King Amanullah in Kandahar has withdrawn his own declaration of abdication and has called upon loyal tribesmen to help him to reconquer Kabul. Bacha-i-Saqao, or Amir Habibullah, as he prefers to be called, remains in uncertain possession of the capital, while the Shinwaris and other tribesmen, whose rising first shook Amanullah's throne, are now said to be preparing to eject the usurper. If we believed the Russian Press, we should conclude that Amanullah looked upon Moscow as a second Mecca, while the new Habibullah had his pockets filled with gold by mysterious British envoys from Delhi or Whitehall. We are quite prepared to believe that in the coming struggle Amanullah will accept munitions from the Russians if they are available, but no Englishman in his senses will believe that ex-Colonel Lawrence or any other British subject is involved in what would already be a serious civil war were it not that the winter snows made communication between Kabul and Kandahar virtually impracticable.

In January, 1926, the Governments of Great Britain and Iraq signed a treaty "to ensure the continuance for twenty-five years of the present regime . . . unless Iraq is . . . admitted as a member of the League before the expiration of that period." It was also agreed that every four years the King would consider "whether it is possible for him to press for the admission of Iraq into the League of Nations." The resignation of the Government in Bagdad is an unwelcome reminder that agreement as to the country's capability of defending its own frontiers has not yet been reached, despite the happy settlement of the dispute with Turkey over the possession of the Mosul *vilayet*. Economically Iraq has made great progress during the past few years and the national income is now more than two-and-a-half times as great as it was under Turkish rule. But the murder a few days ago by Wahabi raiders of an American missionary was not needed to prove how definitely incapable the Iraqis still are of maintaining peace along their frontiers. The moment has not yet arrived when Iraq can take a seat in the Assembly Hall at Geneva.

The Post Office is not the luckiest of Ministries in regard to the preservation of the prestige of its chiefs. It is well within public memory that Mr. Baldwin was obliged to describe the Assistant Postmaster-General as not having reached years of discretion; now he has found it necessary, with reference to the Postmaster-General, to explain that a courteous request deserves a courteous reply, such as Sir William Mitchell-Thomson failed to give to those who wished to protest against the *Listener*. In general, it is no doubt better that the Premier's rebukes to his colleagues should be delivered in private. But in this matter of the *Listener* there were very good reasons for the snub being administered in public. Flat refusal to discuss a grievance with a body of representatives of the Press is not in the tradition of British politics, and arrogance of that kind cannot be too quickly checked.

## THE REPORT ON EAST AFRICA

THE report of Sir Hilton Young's Commission on East and Central Africa has so far attracted no general attention. It is unfortunately written in officialese, that unhappily familiar style in which the crowds of unnecessary words seem to drag their heavy feet and raise a dust. None the less it is an important essay which may make history. His enemies used to say of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain that he discovered the Empire, and what was meant as a sneer has become a compliment. In the same complimentary sense it is true that only quite recently has the Colonial Office discovered that part of the Empire which is neither India, nor the self-governing Dominions, nor naval stations, but colonies in the older sense in which a white oligarchy inhabits a country as its own, side by side with a native population which vastly outnumbers it. Unrivalled in its power of creating new nations, the British stock has not been conspicuously successful in colonies of this type. The Dutch record in Java is notably better than anything we have done under similar conditions; our own West Indies have steadily declined in importance and the development of our West African colonies has until quite recently been very slow. Nor is South Africa an example to the contrary, for there not only is the white oligarchy much more numerous in proportion to the black population (about one to four) than in typical colonies of this type, but we have had the assistance of the Dutch who, with less liberal principles of their duty to the black population than ours, have been more happy in their practical application.

One of the most distressing features in the Kenya controversy has been its reminiscence of the failures in our own South African policy. Sir Hilton Young's Commission was asked to report on various aspects of closer union or a federation between the various units of our government in East and Central Africa, but it has interpreted its terms of reference widely and by way of satisfying them has reviewed almost all the problems of government in East Africa.

These boil down to two. How can we best reconcile the claims of progress which appeal most to the white man with the rights of the natives? And how is the conflict to be avoided between the local oligarchy of white settlers and the Imperial Government which is trustee for the interests of the native population? In Tanganyika, formerly German East Africa, this trusteeship has received the forms of law, for we are mandatories only; but apart from law, there is no actual difference between our duty there and in Kenya, Uganda, Central Africa and Northern Rhodesia, for the doctrine of the mandate only expresses the principles on which we try to act in all our Crown colonies. The nearest approach to a general principle to which we have yet come is the so-called "Dual policy" laid down by the Parliamentary Commission of 1923 and vaguely defined in the terms of reference as the "complementary development of native and non-native communities." The Government in 1923 were much more positive. "Primarily," they said, "Kenya is an African territory and His Majesty's Government think it necessary definitely

to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be considered paramount and that if and when those interests and the interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former must prevail." (Cmd. 1922). The wording of that statement is singularly unwise, as Sir Hilton Young and his fellow Commissioners evidently think, though they do not say, for if it were construed literally it would not only kill the political hopes of the Kenya settlers but effectually stop white immigration in the future. Imagine what the result of such a principle would have been in South Africa. It is true that South Africa is a white man's country as the East can never be, but there is a belt of highlands running all the way from Northern Rhodesia to Kenya, and it is possible, if by no means certain, that a permanent white civilization might be maintained here. Moreover, apart from immigrant Europeans there are other races such as Arabs and Indians whose interests in the country are ancient and must be considered as well as those of the African natives. Happily, there are no signs of great mineral wealth such as complicated the problem in South Africa and the future of all this vast country depends in the main on a sound land policy.

The chief political proposal of the Commission is for a single Governor-General for all these provinces. The Commission rightly holds that there should be a common policy through all the various administrations. Recognizing the danger of over-centralization, it does not propose to remove the heads of the existing provinces, or even to change their title, but it provides them with a common chief whose duty is to co-ordinate policy, to act as the local representative of the Colonial Office, and in particular to see that a just regard is had to native rights, of which the Home Government regard themselves as in a special sense the trustee. The proposal is, perhaps, more original and far-sighted than appears at first sight, for while in theory the supreme control of the Colonial Office Secretary is maintained, in practice it would be non-existent. The Colonial Office could hardly itself control a man ten thousand miles away who was himself there as its representative to control the local governors. In that respect it makes a breach with past practice and makes any control of policy by Imperial Parliament more unreal and shadowy than ever. But there are strong arguments for the course that is recommended. By devolving the authority of the Colonial Office on to the supreme Governor on the spot the scheme meets the bitter objections to Downing Street government which are so constant a feature of our colonial history. It ensures that whatever general ideas or interests the Central Government wishes to further the authority shall be exercised by some one in touch with local conditions and opinion. Moreover, it will be in conformity with a common policy generally known and applied over a wide area and over many local governments, and will lose the character of niggling petty interference which made Downing Street government a term of reproach in the past. Much sound thought has gone to the making of this Report, which may come some day to be regarded as one of the most valuable documents of our colonial history, and it would be a matter for regret if its importance escaped general notice.



## THE TUNNEL AGAIN

WE recently dealt at some length with the military and political aspects of the Channel tunnel scheme. The subject has since become more actual by reason of the Prime Minister's proposal to submit the matter to a non-party conference. Mr. Baldwin is right in stressing the importance of investigating the economic aspects of the scheme. In the mass of discussion and propaganda relating to the tunnel that has occupied the columns of the Press during the past weeks this side seems somehow to have taken, or been given, a back seat. It is, however, the most important and the most practical consideration of the whole issue. The Prime Minister was unable to say, when questioned on Tuesday, what form the economic enquiry would take, but he made it clear that in any event the scheme would once more have to go before the Committee of Imperial Defence. When last the tunnel scheme was seriously raised, under the Labour Government, the Committee killed it. It may do so again. But provided that on this occasion the schemes survives the strategists, it will then have to be submitted to the most searching analysis of all.

Although so much has been said and written about the proposal, it does not seem ever to have been thoroughly thought out as yet either by its champions or by its opponents. Prejudice has played on both sides too large a part in the discussion, and sentiment even more so. For instance, antagonists of the tunnel habitually make appeal to our sea-faring traditions and tremble to contemplate how these will be impaired by this link under the sea. For people to suppose that our maritime instincts and prowess, acquired through centuries of experience, will be destroyed by the construction of a set of metals from Calais to Dover or thereabouts is to place sadly little faith in the qualities on behalf of which they expend so much eloquence. In the same way the contention that the tunnel will destroy that most valuable asset, our insularity, is nowadays unsupportable, as champions of the tunnel are quick to point out. Great Britain, they say quite rightly, ceased to be an island with the invention of the aeroplane. That is quite true, but—alas! for them—it is also a damaging admission. Because the moment the air is acknowledged as a rival element in transport to the sea and under-the-sea, one of the chief weaknesses of the tunnel scheme is exposed.

It is the fact that at the moment the aeroplane is not a serious competitor with the ship, and it may fairly safely be assumed that it would not, at the moment, be an any more serious competitor with the tunnel. Fogs are too prevalent, for one thing; and for another, owing to the distances of Le Bourget and Croydon from the centres of Paris and London the time saved in going by air is not normally proportionate to the additional expense. But when people are considering a proposition like the Channel tunnel they must look well ahead into the future; the tunnel will cost an enormous sum of money to build and will take a long time to pay for. Who supposes that while the tunnel is being constructed and while it is earning its cost the science of aviation will stand still? With anything that has progressed as rapidly as flying has progressed in the past twenty years—the tunnel would take a quarter of that time to complete—it would be extremely rash to assume that the next twenty years will not see developments as revolutionary as those that have gone before. The science of air navigation in fogs is the subject of constant experiment and improvement; the evolution of a fool-proof machine capable of vertical ascent and descent (thus making the centres of cities accessible to aircraft) grows each year more certain;

more important than these, research is busy in the upper air, above the fog layers, and far stranger things have happened within living memory than would be rivalled by the transference of the altitude level for aircraft to an atmosphere above the fog belt and offering far less resistance to fast-moving bodies. Incidentally, the use of such air regions would eliminate "bumps"—the usual cause of air-sickness. A correspondent whose letter on the tunnel we publish on another page raises the question of noise. Here again science is busy. It is, moreover, fair to add that the roar of a train in a twenty-five-miles-long tunnel is not likely to be so appreciably less than the roar of an aeroplane engine (even if no improvement takes place here) as to act as a very formidable argument for the train.

Those whose business it will be to assess the commercial prospects of a Channel tunnel will have very seriously to consider the probabilities of air development over the next fifty years. That is the minimum period of the future for which it is necessary to calculate if the proposition is to be fairly debated. The financial details of the scheme are still at so inaccurate a stage of assessment than estimates of its cost differ from one another by as much as 100 per cent. Let us take a middle figure and suppose that the capital cost will be round about £40,000,000. The scheme—again according to a middle estimate—will take five years to complete, and will employ some 15,000 men. Anything that will employ one extra man for one extra day is in a sense an advantage at the present time; but it is nowadays accepted that work provided in mitigation of unemployment shall be reasonably productive, so that even if the tunnel is to be regarded simply as "a relief work" investigation has to make reasonably certain that the results of these 15,000 men's labour will be economically valuable. In order to earn a satisfactory return on the capital outlay a very heavy flow of traffic will have to pass through the tunnel every day of the year; even so, it is open to question whether an adequate revenue can be assured without charging rates that would frighten a high percentage of potential traffic away. (It is a possibility, of course, that the tunnel might have to be destroyed for military reasons before it had paid for itself). The correspondent to whose letter we have already referred states that the tunnel will "inevitably" (our italics) "still further consolidate this country's position as the financial and commercial hub of Europe." This is an example of the kind of argument for the tunnel (the letter is in most respects fair and reasonable) that leaps ahead of knowledge. It has to be remembered that only a fraction of our continental trade passes through the Channel ports and that only a fraction could pass through the tunnel. The North Sea ports, by reason of their geographical position and the relative economy of shipping freights (re-lading notwithstanding) must remain the most important bases of our trade with Europe.

One other economic consideration has received a good deal of attention. Supporters of the scheme contend that by removing the menace of the sea-crossing the tunnel would greatly advance the Come-to-Britain movement. It might do so, or it might not, but in any event it has to be remembered that the tunnel will lead not only from the Continent to England but also from England to the Continent. For every extra foreigner it brings into this island on his holiday it may take an Englishman out on the same errand, thus swelling the numbers of those who each year—to the constant complaint of the Come-to-Britain movement—"unpatriotically" spend their holidays abroad.

These are but a few of the many questions that must be satisfactorily answered before work on the tunnel

can begin. It is not our point that they cannot be so answered: that is for the enquiry to discover. Our intention is merely to show that so far from being already settled the matter has as yet hardly begun to be examined in the detailed way that its economic implications demand.

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THERE is an increasing tendency to consider crime, and the treatment of the criminal, from a sentimental point of view. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* is the fashionable penological motto. Sentimentality, however, is as out of place in dealing with crime as in dealing with other disorders, mental, physical or social. At the same time, there is as great a need for a reconsideration and resorting of the symptoms and signs that make up these psychic and social syndromes whose manifestations we call crimes as for the re-classification of the pathological symptoms that make up the diseases with which doctors deal. The first step towards clarity of mind is to distinguish between crime and certain other things, such as sin and immorality, with which it is often confused. The essence of crime is the breach or disregard of a formal community law. As has been said, *Ubi societas—ibi jus: ubi jus—ibi crimen*. Although, in the main, law corresponds with preponderant opinion as to the socially desirable, crime is not necessarily anti-social in its intent or result, and history is full of the records of the beneficent illegalities of social well-doers. Still, it is not usually a conscious heterodoxy in fundamental ethics that leads men into criminal courses; for most criminals agree with their neighbours as to what is theoretically right and wrong. When their psychic make-ups differ at all from those of the respectable people next door, it is generally in the possession of greater courage, inciting them to take greater risks; or of a less developed, or less imaginative, sense of pity or fraternity, so that the pricks of conscience fail to penetrate their emotional hides; or of a defective mind, to which their detection is often due. For it must be remembered that, even of those who commit technical crimes, it is only those who are caught—in other words, the failures—who come under observation at all.

We do not hear so much as we did in the 'nineties about "criminal types" and "criminal physiognomies." So many of the best examples were found among the best people. Still, there is what may be called a criminal psychology—that is to say, an emotional make-up inherently deficient in those impulses of pity and sympathy on which harmonious social life depends. But the majority of criminals have no such abnormal psychology; and candid introspection tells us that most people, so far as inherent mentality and emotion go, are potential, if not actual, criminals. Never the time and the place and the other circumstances all together; or, what is perhaps an even commoner explanation, the policeman is, at the moment, looking the other way.

The tendency to assume fundamental differences between the motivation of the criminal and that of the ordinary man is shown in strange quarters. Here, for instance, is a typical quotation from what is, in many ways, an excellent presentation of the case for penal reform, issued by the Society of Friends: "Anti-social action is the expression of anti-social desire; if the expression of an anti-social desire is thwarted by fear, the desire may remain, to work itself out in other ways." But law-breakers do not break the law to satisfy some mysterious anti-social instinct. They may be lacking in communal feeling, but the motives that impel them to act are almost always

those of self-preservation, cupidity, individual vindictiveness, or lust—impulses which, in varying degrees, are constantly finding lawful expression in the lives of most people. The consequences of a crime are, by definition, generally anti-social; but that admission is a very different thing from attributing this quality to the motive of the criminal. Even in its effect, it is not always true that a particular crime is anti-social. All that the term implies is, as Gillin points out, that it is "believed to be socially harmful by a group of people that has the power to enforce its beliefs."

People often argue as though authoritative law-makers were responsible for the introduction of retribution as a basic principle of just punishment. But the instinct to retaliate is much more primitive than any organized society. It is intimately bound up in the depths of the human mind with such fundamentals as praise and blame, virtue and vice, reward and punishment. Few consciences are as disturbed by the contemplation of a hot-blooded, retaliatory act, as by that of a cold-blooded infliction of punishment, however formally "just" according to the postulates of scientific philanthropy. The popular idea of justice includes or involves both reparation and retribution. In a democratic State, the law must take this into account, if it is to satisfy the general sense of fair play. At the same time, a continuous and progressive pressure should be brought to bear by the wiser and more far-seeing leaders of opinion, in order gradually to lessen both the popular demand for retaliation and the part played by that desire in the determination of penalties. In the words of Mr. Justice McCardie, "The law may be stern, but it is never so merciless as society."

On the other hand, there is no warrant for the growing sentimental and pseudo-scientific habit of treating crime merely as a manifestation of mental disease. It is expedient that anyone who is considered sane enough to wander freely among his fellows, entering into business relations with them, receiving their trust, and enjoying all the rights of a citizen, shall be held as responsible for his acts as are the rest of us. It would seem that to some sentimentalists the doctrines of determinism are novelties, peculiarly applicable to detected law-breakers. Only if individual responsibility is considered as universally non-existent can it be reasonably argued that "every homicide is necessarily an act of compulsion, and every theft a manifestation of kleptomania."

It will be admitted that it is not easy to find general principles which shall apply equally to such crimes as child-murder and selling a bottle of whisky in New York. But a nomenclature which lumps under a common term the taking of the contents of a blind beggar's hat, and the pocketing of a sixpence accidentally dropped by Mr. Ford, only complicates without helping. To some extent, legal penalties must be standardized, on grounds both of simplicity and of impartiality of administration. The social gravity of certain offences must be marked by correspondingly heavy penalties, chosen largely for their deterrent values. Any form of punishment which fails to cure or deter is just so much wanton cruelty. Criminals, like sick persons, need to be classified as curable or incurable—with our present knowledge—and treatment should depend far more on this distinction than on the particular law which has been broken. We have among us, and probably always will have among us, individuals so constituted that while they would make admirable members of savage or primitive communities they are quite unfit to co-operate in a civilized society like ours. If these abnormal human beings had been recognized as such in early childhood, doubtless much could have been done by wise education—not to uproot their innate cravings or their basic tem-



peraments—but by careful habit-formation to develop characters which would have directed conduct along more socially desirable grooves. But, confronted with a patient suffering from diphtheria or enteric fever, the most irrelevant of physicians would hardly consider the moment opportune for the uttering of lamentations over precautions neglected and preventive measures omitted. The problems that then present themselves are how most effectively to protect society from a menace; and how best to promote individual cure, if such be possible.

The task of penology is to determine in each case the means whereby can be best secured a beneficent influence on the future personal and social life of the delinquent, together with the greatest deterrent effect on potential law-breakers; for, in spite of sentimentalists, fear of detection and its consequences is the chief factor that keeps many of us on the straight path. These considerations suggest the main lines along which psychological research should be conducted, if criminology and penology are ever to be truly rationalized.

When we recall the fact that most serious crimes in this country are committed by recidivists, it is obvious that our treatment of law-breakers has hitherto, from a curative point of view, been a failure. Imprisonment—that least satisfactory form of punishment—often has the effect of promoting a spirit of sullen resistance, untempered by those influences which only normal human relations can bring to bear. It is, however, in diagnosis that criminology is weakest; and in the absence of sound diagnosis all treatment must inevitably partake of quackery.

QUAERO

## A LETTER FROM DUBLIN

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Dublin, January 22

THE Commissioners who have been dictators of Dublin for the past four years are to have a further year of office. Under this system rates have been largely reduced, and a great deal has been done for the appearance of the city and its amenities. Private opinion is satisfied; but public opinion (which is not, in Ireland at least, the sum of private opinions) chafes under an insult to democracy, and the Government in a Greater Dublin Bill proposes to turn the Commissioners into Managers acting under an elected Civic Council. The Bill, which as it now appears cannot be passed for another year or more, also establishes a town-planning principle and has other valuable features. Though it recognizes an electorate, we are not likely to suffer under it from a regime similar to that of the old Dublin Corporation, which spent a great part of its energies in political discussion. No act of our new rulers has been of so certain advantage to Ireland as the abolition of that body.

Formerly a stock argument of the Ulster Protestants against Home Rule was the Dublin Corporation, of which it was said that the Irish Parliament must be a replica. It was rather a shock to prejudice when one of the first acts of an Irish Parliament abolished the Dublin Corporation. The revelations a year or two ago of certain Tammany-like disorders in the Belfast Corporation came as a still greater shock to the North. There nothing could be done. To put the administration of Belfast into the hands of Commissioners was unthinkable, since this would be to follow an Irish example, and Ulster must be run on "British" lines, though the sky should fall. The *a priori* view-point is, in fact, common to both North and South, and lends itself to exploitation by

the grafters and the incompetent. The Gaelic legislation of the Dail is, for instance, wholly based on *a priori* reasoning. Ireland is a nation, hence it follows that she must have a national language. Is it too much to ask that candidates should have a knowledge of the national language? The latest move proposes to make Irish an essential qualification for medical officers in the Free State, though this language has, of course, no relation to the fitness of any candidate for a medical appointment, outside of a few remote districts in the country. A little of the famous English empiricism would benefit Ireland, North and South.

The Dublin Commissioners in their last year of office are confronted with a minor problem that excites a good deal of feeling. Modern Dublin is a creation of the eighteenth century, and of the Anglo-Irish, and many of its monuments, particularly the statues, recall a history and achievements that are not now in official favour. Sculpture has commemorated four British monarchs in Dublin: William III, the first two Georges, and Queen Victoria; and the famous Nelson's Pillar dominates the great thoroughfare of O'Connell Street. The police reported three years ago that Nelson inconvenienced the traffic, and the Commissioners foreshadowed his removal. There was a protest on aesthetic grounds; also the Anglo-Irish "loyalists" expressed a suspicion that the real objection to Nelson was political, and not the objection that has been stated. The fate of the Pillar is still uncertain; but George I has gone from the Mansion House gardens whence he had peered on horseback for a hundred years into Dawson Street. In this case the disappearance of a quaint landmark of Georgian Dublin was scarcely noticed, although when the statue was originally unveiled on Essex Bridge in 1720 enthusiastic Hanoverian citizens of Dublin had been willing to give £10 for a seat to view the show. It was next the turn of King William. The intentions of the Commissioners in regard to the Orange Prince were not known; but if they had any, some Republican heroes anticipated them by attempting to blow up this statue, together with the equestrian George II (a charming work of art) in Stephen's Green, on the night of the last Armistice celebrations. The job was bungled; but King William and his horse were sufficiently unsettled on their pedestal to necessitate their removal, for the safety of the passers-by, to the yards of the Corporation. A few days later the yards were found to have been entered; the horse's head had been sawn off and carried away.

It was under William III that the Penal laws against the Irish Catholics were instituted. William's name was long the rallying cry of the most bigoted and persecuting section of the Protestant Ascendancy. Two hundred years ago, such an incident as the burning alive in Dublin of persons who had insulted the memory of this monarch could occur and pass almost without comment. Irish Protestants should recall these things before they complain of a present Catholic Ascendancy. At the same time one must hope that the authorities will insist on the reparation of the statue of King William and its return to College Green. If they avoid this duty, as they seem inclined to do, on the plea of traffic necessity, the gentlemen with the bombs will have triumphed. The bombing party tried to destroy the statue of George II as well as that of the Orange Prince. This was evidently not sectarian passion but a stupid Republican gesture. Nearly all that is fine in Dublin is Royal Georgian, and ought on such logic to be razed to the ground.

House Groups in the last Senate called themselves Progressives, Independent and Labour. The Pro-

gressive group is now forming itself into a Government Party as a counterpoise to the new Republican representation in the Senate. The Independents are by no means hostile to the Government, in fact many of them have made considerable personal sacrifices for the Free State; but they prefer to maintain their detachment from party ties. Actually the line of division between Progressives and Independents is sectarian; and though this was not intended, it is significant.

But probably the most important event in Irish politics of the past few weeks has been Mr. De Valera's explicit declaration that the Fianna Fail Party on gaining power will repeal the Currency Act of the Free State Government, so as to liberate this country from the Bank of England and allow Irishmen to have their own credit system. Mr. De Valera supposes that the Bank of England lives largely on the exploitation of the poor Irish (again, the pathetic fallacy by Sinn Fein!); but in fact there is no reason to believe that English interests will have any objection to the Free State entering upon the obscure, unknown path of financial independence and inflation. The point is that, however dangerous it may be, this item of Sinn Fein policy is practicable, in the sense that the Free State Currency Act can be repealed by a stroke of the pen, whereas other planks in Mr. De Valera's programme, work for all, economic independence and repudiation of the land annuities, represent only vague aspiration.

## EYESORES

By D. S. MACCOLL

IT is news good beyond expectation that two projects for the imposition of eyesores on Richmond are to be defeated. The bridge to be built there is laudable, because it will leave the exquisite old one in being, and also reasonable in structure so far as the engineering part of its frame is concerned; but this was overlaid with monstrous architectural trimmings. The Councils of Middlesex and Surrey had evidently been restive, if not to the point of revolt, over a design which was favoured by the Ministry of Transport, but the adverse report of the Fine Art Commission has put heart in the opposition, and a reduction of the projected fortifications has been recommended. Let us hope that with the change of director at the Ministry a better advised control will be exercised over the bridges that are multiplying to carry motor roads over rivers and streams. There has been too much, in quiet places, of a portentous type of structure, with which the Germans themselves, who introduced it, are becoming sated. The new bridge over the Tiber, illustrated the other day in *The Times*, proves that concrete construction is not incompatible with the sober vigour of ancient Roman design. Nor is the substitution of new for old always necessary. At Marlow a particularly noxious shape is to replace the soundly constructed and graceful suspension bridge of Tierney Clark, while at Budapest a bridge by the same engineer is cherished as a monument both of science and of art.

The other project at Richmond was to replace decaying elm-trees on the Terrace by a row of alternate birch and copper beech. That contrivance would rival the performances of a pastry-cook who hides the lovely natural brown of his cakes under an icing of pink and white. The copper beech is a freak, dear to suburban gardens: one can conceive a disagreeable but congruous world in which all the trees were of a tea-leaves tint; but to join the greens with this museum-specimen in spots would poison a noble landscape. The birch is a graceful creature, but ladyish, and, like

the fir tribe, a bad mixer: both belong to the heath, the burn-side, and the mountain. Elm, oak and ash are the English trees, and the elm is chief in giving character to the south English country. The quick-growing, bark-shedding plane threatens to oust it, all the more because the elm is shallow in its roots and brittle in its old branches. But if the present denuding goes on, if the great drooping pagodas of the roadside and the rank beyond rank of the far hedges decay without successors, the England of Constable and Turner will be no more. And the centre of that England is the terrace of Richmond, with its green towers and elm-studded river view. I do not believe that the tale of people injured by falling elm branches or trunks is considerable; compared with the victims of the car it must be negligible; who will refuse to take that little risk to preserve the glorious weeds of our hedgerows?

It is a wrong-headed search for "art" that threatens us with such eyesores as the heavily titivated bridge and the speckled avenue, but the word is usually applied to art that is either good or harmless. In older days Norman Shaw's Scotland Yard, the most memorable addition to London architecture in a hundred years, was the favourite cockshy of Parliament and the Press. More recently the temporary war buildings that escaped the wrong sort of art by the hasty necessity of their construction, ruffled in like manner the susceptibility of men unscathed by the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Port of London building, the Mond offices, and Messrs. Lyons' restaurants. And now the outcry is loudest against the illuminated sky-signs of Piccadilly Circus. The truth is, of course, that these jewel-works at their worst are much less distressing than the jumble of bad architecture to the east of the Circus whose place they take at night. The lesson of the "Nocturnes" is still unlearned, although the once despised 'Battersea Bridge' has been adopted by the Underground Railways as a popular poster-draw for the Millbank Galleries. The combination of colours in those signs is often misguided and a design to seek; the reds and yellows are too hot, or badly matched; but the blues and greens have a magic beauty against the muffle of the night, and there are possibilities here of a novel and fantastic art, as the shopkeepers of Paris are beginning to realize. Here, and not in the churches, are the vaults for an art of coloured, burning lights, comparable with the stained glass of the Middle Ages, just as posters, rather than frescoes, offer the modern equivalent for religious mural painting. Trivial and commercial in matter and motive no doubt they are; advertisement, not worship; but the art of a world that is industrial and commercial and not religious can only be that. It is clear that in the United States any talent for verse or for design will increasingly be attracted into the service of business: the Babbitts call for hymns, not to Love or Beauty, but to Office Furniture, for mannikin-sculpture, for fashion-plate drawing, for the lyrical prose of a Callisthenes.

All that being so, it would be worth the while of the great exploiters to employ capable, instead of incapable, designers. Since multiple stores and cinemas, tea-shops, hotels and "mansions," not cathedrals and castles, are our staple, it is a pity to make of them an affront to the eye and weight upon the spirit. The Underground Railways have listened to the word of correction and are steadily replacing their early nuisances by well-mannered buildings; the Banks are not always bad, witness Sir Edwin Lutyens's little block, settled so happily into its place beside St. James's Church; even an occasional Stores is taking notice; the new Horticultural Hall, if rather thin in detail, has breadth and pleasant colour, and some of



the domestic building about Westminster promises a better future.

But there are smaller things that affect us as much, because more constantly. I spoke just now about the famous "eyesore" of sky-signs. The real and literal eyesore in that kind is the nasty little red illuminated notices that are coming into vogue upon vans and shop-fronts. The fire-works up above in the night do not dazzle the eye on its own working level: these attack it in broad daylight, and should be prohibited, except where they may be necessary as danger signals. To make him blink is not to attract the customer.

The customer: it is painful to have to pay, more often than not; why must the act, a thousand times repeated, be rendered repulsive as well by the nature of the currency? To whom does the Bank of England have recourse for its notes? It cannot be easy to secure such helpless design and loathsome colour. The one redeeming feature of the old issue, the frank red of the ten-shilling note, has been suppressed, except as a discord with the green of the new £1, in a mess of "Gothic" and other bad lettering, flourishes, and scissor-cuttings of incompatible shapes.

As with notes, so with stamps. Every time we address a letter there might be a moment of sharp pleasure, such as some of the foreign posts provide, when the stamp, with its happy device and vivid tint, is stuck. We have to put up at home with badly-adjusted photographic medallions in washy lilac and shrewish green; the cherry of the penny stamps, even, is a declension from the reds and blacks of the much-abused Victorian period. That period gave us also, in Dyce's florin, something above the run of the coinage since then. We have to turn to Ireland for a step in the right direction, where a tasteful tyrant, Mr. Bodkin, of the National Gallery, appears to be able to get his own way with the Mint as well as with his Board. Perhaps not for long; the issue, designed by an Englishman and admired in England, is abused by the ungrateful people for whom it was made. But what they love is grievances, so they are not altogether miserable.

## THE DAWN AND CARROTS

**A**N undergraduate who had got sadly fuddled after a late sitting once implored me to take him out and show him the green dawn. To this day I do not know why he thought the dawn was green or why he should have chosen me as his guide to this æsthetic experience. He said, I think, that I was the only person that he could implicitly trust. In this he was wrong, for I did my best to avoid him as I do the dawn in whatever colours it may present itself. Those whose normal occupations make it a daily necessity for them to see the dawn have no illusions about it whatever. You will hear few words in its praise from a printer or a policeman or a night watchman or a cabaret dancer. For the truth is that the dawn is a shivering, moist, unpleasant phenomenon at the best of times.

I am not talking without experience. In my time I have seen many dawns. This, it is true, has been largely my own fault and highly to be deplored, but there have been some that have risen on the path of duty. I have, for instance, watched the sun rise over the battlefields of Flanders, which (as soon as one was quite certain that there was not going to be a battle) was a not unpleasant prelude to a bite of breakfast. I have seen it rise over the Cam and the Thames and the Seine and the Rhine and the Danube, over seas and lakes, over palaces and pavilions, over cab-shelters and coffee-stalls, but there

remains, among them all, only one sunrise memorable to me for the revelation of an hitherto unperceived natural beauty. It was in the dawn that I first learnt what entirely lovely things are carrots.

This happened in Brussels, for in Brussels it is not insisted that one should go to bed. It is not, as in Barcelona, a positive breach of custom to do so, but the night is kept young for those who care to make use of it. It was, therefore, no unusual thing that I should find myself walking down one of the main boulevards at four o'clock in the morning. I was very sleepy, very full of tobacco smoke, and perhaps a little under the influence of inferior champagne. At least it must have been some minutes before I realized that this wagon which was passing me, and never seeming to do so, was not indeed the same wagon, but, at intervals, a different wagon and one of a slowly moving column. They were all of an ancient build drawn by very old horses in very large collars. They were all piled high with some sort of produce on the top of which sometimes sat a dog, sometimes a child. Their peasant drivers were nodding their heads in slumber.

By one of those tricks which a half light can play on a wandering consciousness the ghostly cavalcade became a silhouette of that most heart-rending spectacle, a peasantry in flight. And the vision was perhaps not too far-fetched, for some of those horses and wagons, and the old Flamands who owned them, must have taken part in the exodus of 1914, harried by the terror behind them. But whatever they were and for wherever they were bound, I determined to follow them; so turning my back on my hotel I climbed the hill again, marching by their side. They were, of course, what I might have known in the first instance, the farmers' carts on their way to the vegetable and fruit market in the Grand' Place.

I cannot tell you what the Grand' Place is like in the full light of day. I have never seen it at such a time. I may even be grotesquely at fault in believing it to be a square of grey gabled buildings, dominated by a belfried Hôtel de Ville. I know it has cafés in it, for at 4.30 a.m. their lights are still dimly showing and one may buy Bock in them. But detail is of no importance. At that time on a July morning it is really no more than a background to the market, and scenically it is superbly designed to set off the beauties of the humbler vegetables, the marigold warmth of the carrot, the virgin whiteness of the turnip, the still half-bleached potato, the whole decorated (as florists use maiden-hair in bouquets of carnations) by cabbages still in the greenness of their spring. It occurred to me at that moment how stupidly we English people market everything we have to sell. Many times (still seeking the green dawn) have I been to Covent Garden, there only to admire the flowers but never to realize the beauty of young celery, the fun of apples, of oranges, of nuts. There has been some talk lately of changing the place, of making a new Covent Garden on the Foundling site. It is all, I hope (the plan, I mean), knocked on the head for ever, for the wise fruit factors have realized that the neighbourhood of Brunswick and Mecklenburgh Squares is not good enough for them. How in those drab surroundings can you get the full æsthetic value of those loaded baskets of brussels sprouts?

I know from my conversations with them, for they are imaginative fellows, precisely what they want. If their market is to be in London, nothing less than the Temple itself will content them—and they are right, as you will agree if you can picture stalls of young cauliflowers, in the early morning, set along King's Bench Walk. Charterhouse Square they regard as a possibility, though too small, but if the

truth is to be told, the majority of them are in favour of moving the market altogether away from London. More explicitly they have their eye on Cambridge. They think that the Great Court at Trinity would be a fine market-place for vegetables. So indeed it would, having water laid on, rectangular paths and some nice growing grass. Failing this they would be content with the Second Court of St. John's, which is spacious and in its undefiled red brick would afford a most admirable background to the young white artichoke. For myself I tell them they are wrong in both their choices. What would space matter, what would sales matter, if only one could see the little intimate courts of Queen's, one early morning, full of all those bright things of the earth, whose colours are still vivid because they are not yet dead? The mere thought of the brilliant colourings of our domesticated vegetables against that sombre back-cloth (for red brick is never red until it is lit up by the sun) makes me with Mr. Pepys at the "wind musique" almost sick. I apologize to the President and Fellows, but I am afraid that if we are to compete with Belgium and satisfy the longings of our sentimental greengrocers they will have to sacrifice some of the early hours of their sleep. Turnips would look so poorly in any Cathedral close, and yet so delightful against their walls; carrots which would be lost in the grounds of ruined abbeys would, if suitably arranged in jam pots, be a constantly recurring adornment to their courts.

J. B. S. B.

## THE RETURN TO THE GOLD STANDARD

BY GERALD GOULD

ECONOMISTS (whom Burke rightly ranks with "sophisters") may say what they will: it is not the same thing. The noise of paper currency on the counter is like the crackling of thorns under a pot; for the happy sense of opulence snatched from the maw of danger, you need the authentic ring of coin. Guineas, pistoles, doubloons—these be *money*: the rest is but a medium of exchange. "There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls..." cried Romeo to the apothecary—but who has ever talked blank verse over bearer bonds?

A contemporary quotes a list of slang synonyms for the dubs. Some of them are trivial and temporal. "Brads" have brief life, and "Queen's pictures" belong to the Victorian limbo—if, indeed, they are not dead with Anne. "Palm oil" reflects on man's integrity: "chink" and "chips" come meanly to the ear. But O the singing sound of "yellow boys" and "shiners," fit passwords to the Spanish Main! I miss from the list my old friend jimmy-o'-goblin, though; there is something about *him* at once gay and wistful; he hints the music, the clink and clatter of reality, and yet conveys the mocking, elusive flavour of will-o'-the-wisp. He is legal tender, and fairy gold; and, to be sure, the two things resemble each other as vanishers. A good man and his money are soon parted—which is all the more reason why he should give it a good name. "Shiners"!—the word adds lustre to lucre, and a cachet to cash. Bully for bullion, say I, and let's raise the dust!

Children are the best judges, who estimate value by brilliancy. A bright penny is to be taken care of: a dull pound will take care of itself. All pounds are dull to the children of to-day;

they have not seen the man with the little shovel, the man of power behind the counter of the bank, the man who jerks up and sprinkles out the sovereigns and half-sovereigns, the man who makes a game of gold. Earth lies no more all Danaë to the stars. And I hope that a Zeus who came wooing in the shape of bank-notes would be sent about his sordid business. The heart of gold asks golden offerings, bright issue and perpetual challenge of the mint. The poet was right to use that metaphor for youth—

They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,  
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

The printed order was born to be soiled and crumpled; its glory is departed almost as soon as born; dog's-eared corners, greasy creases, signs manual of the grime of man, deface it from the first. But the yellow sovereign used to put up a fight for cleanliness and honour; it could pass from hand to hand, and take scarce a taint; if gradually that round sun-like visage was robbed of its rays, if imperceptibly the crisp roughness of the edge was worn away, there were at any rate years of victory before defeat. Not that I would pose as one who ever kept coins long. There was a melting quality about the darlings. They were loved, and lost. If one had two of them to rattle together, they burnt a hole (as the saying went) in one's pocket. But will anybody to-day lay his hand upon his note-case, and assert that paper sticks faster than coin?

There was always paper, of course. There were five-pound notes: one read of them in books. Heroes would bet cool fivers, or draw crisp fivers from their purses. But, in real life, the note was the luxury of the few: most of us were happy to count our sovereigns one by one. And as for postal orders . . . Did you ever try to buy a postal order? I will admit, under cross-examination, that it is possible to buy the things: I have always found it quite out of the question to cash them. The receipt of a postal order throws me into a visible panic: the whole household knows there is something wrong. I cannot bear to be addressed in the language held by official documents—even so innocent a paper as the demand for income-tax turns me hot and cold: and on a postal order I am bidden to do this and that—I know not what: I have never endured to the end: but I do know that I am to do something within three months; and that is impossible. Do the brutes who forge these weapons of intimidation realize at all how busy I am?—how hard I find it to get time for late nights, and cocktail-parties, and bottle-parties, and pyjama-parties, and artificial-sunlight-parties, and the other duties which (I learn from the illustrated papers) dog and depress mankind? Three months! One cannot get one's breath in three months! Why, they might as well have made it three weeks!

I used to think there was one other function as difficult to fulfil as the cashing of a postal order: and that was to have one's hair cut. You would not believe the subterfuges to which I have been driven, the lies I have told, the engagements I have broken, the engagements I have invented, in order to submit myself at reasonable intervals to the shears. But of late I have found a way round that difficulty: it is a secret, and I



cannot tell you, for you would all be doing the same: but I see no similar solution, no solution anywhere, for the postal order problem. Generally I carry round with me a few of the opprobrious objects, worn at last into an almost inoffensive illegibility—all more than three months old.

Postal orders, however, rarely come into literature. Ransoms are not paid, brigands and pirates are not appeased, with such makeshifts: heroes, like villains, must show their metal. And with the decline of metallic currency will decline too, I fear, the villains and the heroes: I do not hear enough about brigands to please me: and pirates have not a plank to walk on. I doubt whether to-day, from end to end of the High Seas, there is so much as a parrot crying "Pieces of eight!"

To think, too, that we once had El Dorado for our own metropolis! So Henley wrote of it:

Golden, all golden! In a golden glory,  
Long-lapsing down a golden-coasted sky,  
The day, not dies but, seems  
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed  
Upon a past of golden song and story  
And memories of gold and golden dreams.

Nay, that was sunshine, and this theme of mine is dross. Yet gold, somehow, seems less sordid than paper.

## LITERARY LUNCH

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

WE arrive—a trifle warily, perhaps—but we arrive. The lunch is to be held in one of those very pleasant private rooms at the Savoy, and we are not paying for it ourselves. Very soon we are all there, not seated at the table but in the ante-room, drinking a cocktail perhaps. It is gratifying to see that everybody has turned up for this lunch, but it is not surprising. I have noticed before that people who make it a lunch or dinner at a place like the Savoy are usually lucky with us. We authors and journalists are very busy men and women. It is difficult to catch us. Ask us to a lecture or meeting—coffee and biscuits in a draughty back room—and though we shall be with you in spirit, very few of us will be with you in the flesh, owing unfortunately to a previous engagement. On the expensive lunch days, however, it generally happens we have no previous engagement.

There was a time when I thought it a very fine thing for an author to be the guest of honour at a special lunch or dinner on the eve of his departure for America or his arrival in this island from America. When I saw that half the well-known people in contemporary English letters had attended a function of this kind, I came to the conclusion that the writer in question must be unusually good to be paid such honours. Now I am not so sure. If I read that all these well-known authors had waited an hour at Victoria or swarmed into a teashop to see and hear their man, I should be immediately convinced that he really was held in the most profound esteem. As it is, I am sceptical—just as I am also a little plumper. For I too have learned how to pay my respects to talent.

I said that we arrived warily. Some of us, it is true, rush into conversation at once with anybody and everybody; but most of us first glance round uneasily and are clearly on our guard. This is not like ordinary social life. It is as if the heads of Scotland Yard and the most notorious crooks should be invited out together. We criticize and are criticized. And we are children of vanity, desperately touchy. How can an author help being touchy? Most men's lives are distributed comfortably among assorted swings and roundabouts; if one thing is not going well for them, then another is, and the balance is restored; all their eggs are not in one basket. But everything in a professional author's life points one way, his interest, self-esteem, bank account, everything; touch him and you inevitably touch him on the raw; tell him he cannot write and with one blow you wound his vanity, take away his good name, destroy his pleasure, and threaten his very children with poverty. And this is what many of us have been doing to one another, off and on, for years. Moreover, there are further complications. Over there, by the fireplace, stands Smith, a smile on his honest face. I like Smith—a thoroughly good fellow, very amusing too in talk—but unfortunately I don't like the stuff he writes, which is, to be quite brutally candid, tripe. On the other hand, Robinson there—that dark, peevish-looking fellow with the long hair—is a man I can't stand. Don't ask me to talk to Robinson. The very sound of his voice irritates me. But he can write—there is no doubt about that; I have been an admirer of Robinson's work for years. If only all dining-rooms were full of Smiths and all publishers' lists full of Robinsons, what a world it would be! But what will happen now? I know only too well. Smith will insist upon asking me what I think of his new book (worse than ever), and Robinson, because he knows I like his new book, will insist upon talking to me about anything and everything. I shall have to dodge the pair of them.

We sit down. There are one or two elderly and justly famous men of letters sitting at this end of the table. They fascinate me, these great ones, whose words I read, whose photographs I studied, when I was a boy. For years the newspapers and magazines have been hard at work familiarizing the public with the appearance and personalities of these distinguished men. And for years now I have only had to read a few lines of theirs, to see some reference to them, to catch a glimpse of the most shadowy photograph or the wildest caricature, to receive an instant sharp impression of those personalities. They were among the solid realities of the age. But now when I sit at the same table, I listen carefully and perpetually steal glances at them because their unreality fascinates me. I cannot believe they are real persons, not because they are so famous and I happen to be so close to them, but because they merely seem life-size moving performances of those newspaper personalities. The real man—who was born somewhere, cried at his mother's knee, grew up awkwardly, who wonders and feels sometimes silly, sometimes lonely, who will age, wither, and die—is not there at all. It is as if these men have paid a price for being such notable figures. They have had public personalities so long that now they have no private ones.

The lady on my left is busy now asking me who everybody is, so busy that I have little time left for eating. She began by declaring—with that mock humility which is pride's very self—that she hardly knew anybody at all. I have noticed before that people at these functions always go to one extreme or the other; they pretend to know everybody or they pretend to know nobody. Plain men like myself, who openly admit that they know some people and do not know other people, are apparently considered very dull fellows. Whether they know everybody or nobody, these neighbours of mine always contrive to be faintly superior about it. "Now who," my neighbour whispers, "is the dark little man, the one talking to the woman in the red hat?" And it does not matter what I reply, she will still be faintly superior about it. If I say it is So-and-so, she will nod and smile condescendingly, and I shall be left with the impression that I have time to bother my head about such people, whereas she cannot afford to be acquainted with every Tom, Dick and Harry. On the other hand, if I don't know, she will raise her eyebrows. I shall not be admitted into her tiny circle of people-too-important-to-know-anybody. No, she will merely convey the impression that I am a busybody who does not know his job—an inefficient gadabout.

If you imagine I am being bitter about my neighbour, you are wrong. (Though she might have left me alone for five minutes with the duckling.) She is a charming, an altogether delightful woman. It is merely this function that is bringing her out in the wrong way. There is something in the atmosphere of these affairs that can turn the best man or woman breathing into an attitudinizing ass. Nobody, it seems, can afford to be quiet and honest. The stock-in-trade of a modern writer is his or her personality, and here all the goods from thirty or forty front windows are being crazily heaped up, as if a crowd of mad shopkeepers were hurling joints of meat, bags of sugar, and barrels of apples into the room. The young man on my right is now dropping bitter cynicisms, sheer vitriol, into my ear. He is not at all like that really. He is at heart a mild affectionate man, very fond of children and dogs. But here he is talking like an elderly diplomat in a play of high life in the 'nineties. It is his attitude. He feels he must have one, and that was probably the first that occurred to him. Am I any better than my neighbours? Not a whit. I am stunting away as hard as they are. Now and then, when the attitude can take care of itself and my real self can afford to lean back, I listen with disgust to the absurd voice that is coming out of my mouth. What rot I am talking!

I have no need to enlarge upon these attitudes and antics. Accounts of them, to the exclusion of more important and more entertaining matters, fill innumerable chapters in innumerable contemporary novels, as readers of fiction have remarked. No doubt such readers must have wondered why so many of our novelists appear to concentrate on this relatively unimportant aspect of life, these small social insincerities. Perhaps it is because these novelists draw their knowledge of life not from the streets and fields and shops and sculleries and offices—but from literary lunches.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*  
*Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

### MR. WOLFE AND THE MOUSE

SIR,—I have read with excitement, almost amounting to embarrassment, the answers to No. 1 of last week's competition. It is, I suppose, unlikely that any opinion of mine would have value on a poem written in the manner (if, indeed, he has one) of Mr. Humbert Wolfe. Nevertheless, as one who watches the work of this writer with some interest, I venture to make one or two observations.

I sympathize with your competitors who appear to have concluded that whatever else Mr. Wolfe could have done, he couldn't have written plain common sense. They were right, therefore, to substitute for the rugged simplicity of Burns the slim fantasies which they invented. On the other hand, I wonder whether he would really have thrown as many spondees about as E. H. suggests. Is it conceivable, for instance, that he would have written E. H.'s first verse thus:

I've seen you, mouse, dislodged by the ploughshare,  
 and I ask, as I turn at the head of the furrow,  
 when shall your little brown mistress, and how share,  
 the gifts that you brought to her down through the burrow.

or might he even have written the last verse thus:

O Scottish mouse, though my ploughshare has spilt your  
 small mansion of earth, since I did not know it,  
 forgive, if I freely admit agriculture  
 is a job for a genuine Georgian poet.

I confess, Sir, that I agree with the implied criticism of this author's obvious tricks, but when I actually sit down to perform them myself, I find them difficult to reproduce. But, anyhow, why should anybody bother?

I am, etc.,

Royal Automobile Club, HUMBERT WOLFE  
 Pall Mall, S.W.1

### THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM: FACTS ABOUT RAIL RATES

SIR,—The assertions made by Mr. E. R. B. Roberts in a letter in your issue of January 12 merit more than ordinary attention. Mr. Roberts writes of the "excessive costs of transport" in this country; attributes the decline of our agriculture to these costs; alleges that immense quantities of food are imported because of lower transport charges on the foreign produce; says that our farmers could have better prices and employ more labour if our rail rates were as reasonable as foreign rates; and contends, in his own words, that "prosperity would be restored to agriculture; employment would be found for hundreds of thousands of people on the land at better wages," if only our rail charges "were at American, Belgian and other foreign levels." Let us see.

British farms are so near big city markets that our produce needs no special packing, and has nothing more to stand in the way of transport costs than the rail or other rate for a short haul. We have countless farms within 20 miles of thickly populated areas. No foreign farmers have such big and hungry markets so near them as have British farmers. Foreign farmers who send produce to the British market have to stand vastly more costs for packing and for transport.



Take, for example, a consignment of cauliflowers. On a recent occasion I had a big consignment under observation from the place of production on the Continent to our market in Sheffield. Because of the long journey and frequent handlings, the foreign cauliflowers—the same applies to other foodstuffs—had to be packed in specially made crates. For a dozen vegetables there were over 20 pieces of wood, some 40 or 50 nails, about half a dozen pieces of hoop iron—all the labour and expense involved therein. The packing alone meant as much labour as the growing. Then there were transport costs from foreign farm to foreign port; the foreign port charges, dockers' wages, agent's commissions, etc.; next the sea freight to this country; then the port charges and agent's commissions at Hull; and finally the alleged high British rail rate from Hull to Sheffield, over 50 miles, before the vegetables could be marketed in this city. In face of these facts we are invited by Mr. Roberts to believe that farmers within 20 or 30 miles of Hull or some other British city cannot compete against their foreign rivals because of "excessive costs of transport." Nonsense!

I am, etc.,

Sheffield

E. T. GOOD

### THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

SIR,—The writer of the article on the Channel tunnel, in your issue of January 5, states that the really serious question the answer to which will decide the matter one way or the other is: Will the construction of the tunnel impair the freedom of our military and political dispositions? Without supplying a definite answer to this question he suggests that our military strategy would be hampered or entangled and that the normal course of our peace policy would be subject to French bias and our independence of view jeopardized.

As regards the first of these two suggestions he appears to hold the view that had we followed our own strategical opinions in the war, we should have rendered equal or greater service to the Allies. If this means that we should not have united with the French in defending French soil and the all-important Channel ports I venture to think he will find few to agree with him.

As to his second suggestion it is difficult to see why the construction of the Channel tunnel should render our peace policy subject to French bias. If the two Governments agree to the construction of the tunnel, it will be on the basis of carefully considered conditions applicable to future eventualities, both parties reserving their independence of action. The suggestion made by a correspondent in your last week's issue that the "altered geography" would lessen and finally extinguish England's sea-mindedness and modify her national character seems fanciful in the extreme. With the tunnel under the Channel this country would still remain an island.

If a state of affairs arose which rendered it desirable that the tunnel should be put out of commission, technical experts foresee no difficulty in doing so, not only without "pressing buttons" but without destroying the tunnel and rendering the expenditure on it valueless. In any case, as the writer of the article admits, no enemy in his senses would attempt an invasion by way of the tunnel until he had secured command of the sea. In so far as aviation has affected our position as an island, it has to a certain extent removed the "insular" argument against the tunnel; but to suggest that passengers in a hurry can go by air or that Mothersill is cheaper than the tunnel is not only to ignore the fact that large numbers of people suffer from sickness in aeroplanes and are deafened by noise, but to dismiss the further fact that the Channel-

crossing, especially during the frequent bad weather, is a very serious obstacle to travel.

Assuming that no effective case against the tunnel can be established on military or political grounds, the problem must rest on financial and commercial considerations. Such arguments as the "Come to Britain" tourist movement and the unemployment panacea have little bearing on the subject. Unless the commercial interests of this country are of opinion that trade would be profitably encouraged by the construction of the tunnel, the tunnel will not be built for the simple reason that it would not pay. The estimated cost has been put at £30,000,000, but it is arguable that unless the tunnel were constructed to take four railway lines and a motor road, it would not adequately fulfil its purpose.

It is impossible to believe that commercial activity as between this country and the Continent would not be enormously encouraged, unless of course the construction of the tunnel resulted in prohibitive traffic rates. The saving of time would alone represent a large economy. Rapidity of transport always has been and always will be sought for. If it is true that the French business community is anxious to see the tunnel built, and if their anxiety is based on sound commercial grounds, then what is good business for them and for other continental business centres must necessarily be good business for us. It would inevitably still further consolidate this country's position as the financial and commercial hub of Europe.

Opposition based on sentiment or on old-fashioned or imaginary grounds invariably arises when a great and progressive step, such as the construction of a Channel tunnel would be, is contemplated. It is to be hoped that at long last those who have consistently supported the scheme will reap the reward of their patience to the great benefit of this country's trade.

I am, etc.,

H. UNDERDOWN

Carlton Club,  
Pall Mall, S.W.

### CROATS AND SERBS

SIR,—In two recent editorials the SATURDAY REVIEW has expressed the opinion that though the intransigence of the Serbs has been largely responsible for the present *impasse* in Yugoslavia, the "muddle-mindedness" of Zagreb has also equally contributed to the situation inasmuch as (1) the deputies of the Croat Peasant Party, led by Stefan Raditch, absented themselves from the Belgrade Parliament and (2) that Party "acquiesced" in the Yugoslav constitution of June 28, 1921. Professor Seton-Watson, one of the chief supporters of the Yugoslav National Committees during the war, in the *Observer* of January 13 last also blames the Croats for (1), and by corollary for (2). Unlike most of the Press the SATURDAY REVIEW has always been sympathetic to the Croats, even in pre-Armistice days when it declared itself unable to favour the pretensions of the self-appointed Yugoslav National Committees that were flooding Western Europe with their propaganda. As one who in your columns has defended the Croats against the pan-Serbs allow me to attempt to show why I cannot subscribe to the view that the Croat majority should be blamed; and a little history in retrospect will be useful.

The first General Election held in united Yugoslavia took place in November, 1920, i.e., two years after the Armistice—a long two years of Serb dictatorial rule in Croatia. The Croat Peasant Party of Raditch obtained 230,000 votes on a Home-Rule programme and won 50 seats, thus showing itself overwhelmingly the largest party in Croatia against all the others combined. The Communist Party

obtained 58 seats, thus showing itself the third largest Party in Yugoslavia. Early the next year the Communist mandates were autocratically declared null and void by the Belgrade Government of M. Pashitch, while the Raditch deputies of set purpose absented themselves from the Belgrade Parliament. Now the Yugoslav Constitution was passed and adopted on June 28, 1921. Assuming that the suppressed Communist Party deputies, and the unsuppressed Socialist Party deputies (ten in number) had supported the Raditch group—a contingency by no means certain—in a full Belgrade Parliament, they would not have mustered a total of 120. This was quite insufficient to cope with the majority M. Pashitch could bring to his own support on such a nationalist subject as a constitution for a unified Yugoslavia; with the Communists suppressed M. Pashitch was absolutely sure of his position. In my view, therefore, the presence of the Raditch group at Belgrade could not materially have helped the cause of Croatia in any way; on the other hand, by their deliberate absention they helped to draw the attention of the Allied and Associated Powers to the wrongs inflicted on their native Croatia; not that it resulted, however, in any modification of Pan-Serbism.

At the General Election of March, 1923, the Raditch Party swept the whole of Croatia on a Home Rule programme increasing the number of their deputies to 70—a position maintained almost intact at the election of February, 1925. Even after the election of 1923 the 70 Raditch deputies absented themselves from Belgrade, thus still more loudly calling attention to their grievances.

I am, etc.,  
"TOURNEBROCHE"

#### DISESTABLISHMENT AND THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT

SIR,—The illness of the Archbishop of Canterbury, regrettable and regretted in itself, may prove a blessing in disguise by giving the Bishops time for reflection before committing themselves to so revolutionary a measure as the Disestablishment of the Church of England. It is impossible to disestablish the Church of England without tampering with one of the most valuable and important Acts that Parliament has ever passed—a Statute which is one of the corner-stones of British stability and security. Strange as it may seem, the security of tenure by which English judges hold their office—a tenure which has proved of such great value to British justice—is bound up in this connexion with the Parson's Freehold. Disestablishment will leave the judges, so to speak, in the air, for it is to the Act of Settlement that they owe their present tenure. And it will prove impossible to disestablish the Church without exposing ourselves to a very awkward demand from Roman Catholics to repeal the Act of Settlement, or at least to modify it in their favour.

The question, of course, is one of sentiment, but questions of sentiment may cause infinite trouble. There are great masses of Irish and French Roman Catholics in the Dominions, and at least two Cardinals are British subjects. Yet surely the merest tyro in statesmanship can see that to concede the demands of the Roman Catholics would arouse a very fury of Protestant opposition. We have troubles enough on our hands these days. In the name of common sense, in the sacred name of peace, let us not add to them by kindling afresh the flames of religious strife.

I am, etc.,  
C. POYNTZ SANDERSON

Junior Constitutional Club,  
Piccadilly, W.

#### TEETOTAL STATISTICS

SIR,—As the Licensing Justices will be holding Brewster Sessions in the near future, may I draw attention to the well-known fact that less public-houses do not mean less drunkenness? Teetotallers assume that the amount of drunkenness corresponds to the number of public-houses in the area. The following figures from the Licensing Statistics for 1927 prove the fallacy of this idea:

County Borough	Drunkenness per 10,000	On-Licence per 10,000
Gloucester ... ..	3.55	25.58
Walsall ... ..	1.57	20.78
Plymouth ... ..	1.58	20.60
Middlesbrough ... ..	82.63	7.86
Salford ... ..	44.99	14.58

Sir William Horwood, at the Police Inquiry last year, spoke unfavourably of the anomaly of the differing closing hours. The Justices should be advised to transfer licences to new areas rather than to abolish them and to come to some agreement as to the present varied hours of closing.

I am, etc.,

HELENA THOMAS

Westgate, Sudbury,  
Middlesex

## THE THEATRE UNDERGROUND

BY IVOR BROWN

*Journey's End.* By R. C. Sherriff. The Savoy Theatre.  
(Published by Gollancz. 5s. and 3s. 6d.)

WITH the transference to public theatres of Mr. Reginald Berkeley's piece on Florence Nightingale and Mr. Sherriff's new war-play 'Journey's End' the theatrical year opens honourably and courageously. With one or two exceptions my memories of 1928 are dismal enough; one thinks of managers scrambling in nervous competition to find the silliest crook-play. Now, however, there is a better confidence and it is with a finely courageous spirit that Mr. Maurice Browne has opened what promises to be an exceedingly interesting season at the Savoy with a tragedy that has no women characters and nothing to commend it as a box-office attraction but the simple quality of fidelity to appalling fact. Mr. Sherriff is no lecturer; his war-play does not beat the drum-didactic. He is obviously concerned to be accurate and, though his subject concerns the ghastly monotony of life in the catacombs and cellars of war as well as the flourishes and alarms above ground, he obviously succeeds in being exciting. But he is exciting not in the Grand Guignol and crook-play sense of showing people filthily killed, but in the genuine dramatist's sense of showing them vividly alive. It is the triumph of his method (as it is of Mr. George Zucco's exquisite performance of an exquisitely drawn character) that none of the officers holds our attention more than "Uncle" Osborne, the level-headed, kindly, hum-drum schoolmaster who spends his leave making a rock-garden and has not a single supposedly theatrical quality. Yet by his destiny we are as much excited as by that of Stanhope, that fevered devotee of duty who can only keep his passion fresh with alcohol, or of young Raleigh, a child from school with all the tragic allure of young gallantry on its way to a cruelly fore-shortened fate. The splendid fellow, the pathetic infant, the tortured rotter, and the jovially obtuse but useful-in-a-corner plebeian are all there, making their distinct and vigorous attacks on our emotions. Yet "Uncle"



Osborne establishes his hold on our attention from the first and consolidates it beyond fear of loss. His name is graven in glory and for ever on what Mr. Chesterton has called the dazzling pinnacles of the commonplace.

Mr. Sherriff would surely concede that history has enormously helped him. For the dramatist who has the courage to be a tragedian the real battle is also half the battle. Grimly, grotesquely abounding the tragic scene of modern France is continually, irremovably before him. He does not have to create as it were on a blank table of the mind the terrible event or the tragic environment. His fellow-men have done that for him and his task, no easy one, is to remember, select, adjust, and weave together the flotsam of suffering and sensation that has been floating down the stream of these dozen years. To mention that fact is not in the least to disparage the brilliant accomplishment of the task. Mr. Sherriff has got everything right or as near as makes no matter. There can be no important challenge of his care in detail or his aptitude in recreating the image of his fellows.

In so far as Mr. Sherriff tells a story it concerns the disillusion of a school-boy subaltern, Raleigh, who joins the company commanded by his school-time hero and his sister's fiancé, Stanhope. Stanhope has had years of it; his nerve is going and his ragged temper is only to be assuaged by whisky. He furiously resents this weakness and accordingly he also angrily resents the boy's arrival as if he were a species of domestic spy. But the war solves his problem; young Raleigh, returning successful from a dangerous raid which has proved fatal to Osborne, is killed in the big attack of next day. We are not left to suppose that Stanhope had much better luck. But this selection of an incident is scarcely just to the author's method. He creates for us the domestic interior of a dug-out; he shows in the foreground the fretful rhythm of food and drink, of fractiousness and of facetiousness, of comradeship and of animosity, and behind it he suggests the cosmic process, the ineluctable decree that has ensepulchred these wretches in that death-brink lodging-house and takes no more heed of them than of ants or worms. When the play closes Osborne is a shattered corpse outside and Raleigh is lying dead within; over his body the dug-out begins to collapse under shell-fire. There are no funerals with military honours here; dust to dust. The tragic heroes of old had their cortège and their hymns of honour; over their graves were dance and drama held. For the Nordics a Valhalla opened; the fight was like a football-match and great feasting followed and honours in high and holy places. For a Hippolytus

Yea, and to thee, for this sore travail's sake,  
Honours most high in Trozen will I make;  
For yokeless maids before their bridal night  
Shall hear for thee their tresses; and a rite  
Of honouring tears be thine in ceaseless store;  
And virgins' thoughts in music evermore  
Turn toward thee, and praise thee in the song.  
Of Phædra's far-famed love and thy great wrong.

For Hamlet came four stretcher-bearers of rank "with soldier's music and the rites of war"; for Antony, joint burial with his queen unparagoned and all Roman valour to attend the funeral. For Osborne and Raleigh there is only the swallowing and consuming earth over which the slaughterous scramble goes pauseless on, bound year upon year to annihilation's crazy discipline: their funeral offerings are just more broken bodies of boys, more dust to more dust, waste without end.

There are those who say this is not true tragedy, that it is individual and not universal, that such particularities of our own time will not abide. I cannot

for the life of me understand this argument. Are there to be no mourning mothers after the Trojan Women? No braves after Agamemnon or before him? Is the tragedy less tragic because the victim went to a public school, talks like his class, and has a taste in gin-and-it instead of being called Beowulf, living halfway between Stonehenge and Tintagel, and dipping on big-battle-nights into firkins of mead and infinities of iambics? Not that I would rule out the blood-boltered Beowulf or clap a bowler-hat upon his scone; let him boom heroically if there is tragic stuff in him. But give me leave to insist that pity and fear are not smoked out of their old semblance by hand-grenade or gold-flake and that Stanhope, Osborne and Raleigh of this piece are as deep sunk in authentic tragedy as any of the ancients.

I have left myself little space to deal with Mr. Whale's clever production and the lustre of the acting, which is certainly universal and not particular. I have already mentioned Mr. Zucco; Mr. Maurice Evans as Raleigh is perfect boyhood shyly militant, while Mr. Colin Clive gives the rough edge to the broken splendour of Stanhope. Messrs. Robert Speaight, Melville Cooper, H. G. Stoker, and Alexander Field are also to be mentioned as admirable at their posts. I could state one or two grievances. I could suggest that the play stop with the death of Osborne and that the drinking scene after his death is a trifle overdone—or at least that the recovery from such a carouse is unnaturally quick. But let these trifles pass. The first obligation of a critic is a salute to all ranks and a sharp hint to the public. For your information and necessary action, please.

## MUSIC

### SPRING RITES

IT is odd to think that Debussy's music for 'Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien' and Stravinsky's 'Le Sacre du Printemps' were both conceived in the same year—all the odder because the Frenchman, no less than the Russian, was celebrating in his work the resurrection of life in Spring. Heard one after the other at the B.B.C. concert last week, it was almost impossible to believe that these two works could have been produced not only in the same period, but in the same city—until one remembered that that city was Paris.

Two things made it a little difficult to judge Debussy's work. In the first place the performance, so far as the vocal parts were concerned, left much to be desired. In the second and more important place the music belongs to the theatre, not to the concert-hall, and consists of disconnected pieces incidental to the drama. Here, however, I find some relief in the writings of the French critics, who are never scant in their praise of a work by a French artist. They admit the failure of 'Saint Sébastien' in the theatre; and, while one throws the blame upon the producer, who upset the careful arrangements of the chorus-master for the sake of his colour-schemes, the other, after asking why the drama should have succumbed beneath the burden of its spectacular display and immense length, goes on to say that in a concert-performance the music can be appreciated in all its pure and sublime beauty.

Well, we have heard a concert performance. Beauty there certainly was at times, though I should hardly label it sublime; but still the work succumbed beneath the burden of its length. The most successful section—and this is why the contrast with Stravinsky is so interesting—is that which deals with the lament

for Adonis and the identification of Sébastien with the resurrected god. I imagine that this scene must have been immensely effective in the theatre. The rest can have been no less tedious there than in the concert-hall. The music is for the most part the work of an exhausted brain, which had never shown itself really capable of long-sustained effort. For, whatever may be said for the remarkable 'Pelléas,' Debussy's finest inspirations are contained in his pianoforte pieces and the short orchestral works.

Now in 'Pelléas' Debussy was tremendously under the influence of 'Tristan,' but the influence worked negatively. He set himself out to avoid all the violence, the opulence and the sonority of Wagner's score, and attempted to suggest dramatic intensity by giving the least possible indication of its existence. The attempt was largely successful, although, for my own part, I think the success is most conspicuous when the composer approaches most nearly to normal operatic methods. In 'Saint Sébastien,' too, both the Wagnerian influence (from 'Parsifal' on this occasion) and the negation of the ordinary stage conventions are apparent. It is extraordinary that any composer should have made so little of his opportunity in the ecstatic dance of Sébastien in the first scene, and I cannot see that anything was gained by this reticence. Is it cynical to suggest that the sacrifice was made because the composer had not the power to turn the incident to advantage?

The score of 'Saint Sébastien' has, by comparison with that of 'Pelléas,' far more body to it, and the handling of the orchestra, though not of the choir, shows consummate mastery. That, unfortunately, is not enough to make great music, and it is not improbable that, quite apart from the exhaustion of ideas, which is apparent in so much of his later music, Debussy was hopelessly handicapped by the naïve sophistication of d'Annunzio's *Mystery*.

Beside the febrile and sensitive music of Debussy, Stravinsky's 'Le Sacre du Printemps' provided the most complete contrast of savage, volcanic energy. Energy, expressed in wild rhythms and harsh sounds, is, indeed, its sole recommendation. It would be absurd to deny at this time of day that Stravinsky has not been a very potent force in modern music or that 'Le Sacre' is not an interesting work, worth some hearing and much study. Yet neither the musical stuff of which it is made nor the use that is made of it is first-rate. Let me exemplify this by a very simple and obvious instance. In the section called 'Les Augures Printaniers' there is an uncouth theme (quoted in the programme notes as No. 4) given out by the trumpets. If you will turn to the scene of Liu's death in Puccini's 'Turandot,' you will find that theme there note for note, except that Puccini takes it one tone higher at its apex. But observe also the subtlety of Puccini's rhythmic handling of it, and its subsequent development. Puccini wished to obtain an effect of insistent repetition, much as Stravinsky did, but the result is, I maintain, a proof of Puccini's superior ability in handling a given musical phrase. (Whether this is an unconscious—or even a conscious—reminiscence on Puccini's part is a matter of indifference.) The apologists of Stravinsky will, no doubt, say that Stravinsky has thrown overboard all those antiquated notions of thematic development and musical form, which are no better than so much useless lumber. But, again, I am tempted to ask whether this sacrifice was not made because the composer had not the ability to make use of such methods? At least, he has never shown that ability, even as he has failed to convince us that he has a genuine gift of melodic invention, since all his best music is based either upon folk-tunes or upon the melodies of other composers.

We were treated in the programme-note to the special pleading on Stravinsky's behalf which has become set form when one of his works is given. How far the apologists will venture into the realms of nonsense can be shown by the quotation of one sentence. "A deep sadness pervades it," we are told, "but this sadness is physical, not sentimental." How any form of "sadness," which is an emotional state, can be described as physical is beyond his power to explain. Nothing could be more absurd than this theory that music should not have an emotional or sentimental effect, and, although it may have been a useful stick to beat the dull academic music of twenty years ago, no theory could serve so little purpose at the present time. It is abundantly true, of course, that rhythm skilfully handled is a physical stimulus, as might be observed in the nodding heads, swaying bodies and knocking knees of half the audience in the Queen's Hall last week. But it is only after the physical apprehension of rhythm, which is a reflex action, has been converted into an emotional or intellectual apprehension of it, that we can speak of taking pleasure in it or of perceiving that it is sad or gay.

Stravinsky's 'Le Sacre' is certainly as powerful as any music in producing physical reaction. But it would be to lower the standard of music to a very base level—the level of the savage's tom-tom—if we were to accept that as sufficient aim. And it is because 'Le Sacre,' for all its brilliance and invention within a limited sphere, does not often get beyond this primitive stage, that I think it cannot be accepted as great music. It is as devoid of the spiritual quality of Debussy's 'Saint Sébastien' as that is of the vitality and energy of 'Le Sacre.'

The performance of the work was a poor one, for all M. Ansermet's hard work. The bassoon quacked wretchedly at the beginning and spoilt one of the few really imaginative passages in the work, and the "danse sacrée" became such a jumble that its rhythmic force was lost and the only excitement to be had from it was the miserable one of laying bets with oneself on the chances of a breakdown.

H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—152

SET BY HUMBERT WOLFE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a reconstruction of Mrs. Leo Hunter's 'Ode to an Expiring Frog,' in not more than ten lines, as it might have been written by Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. de la Mare and Mr. A. E. Housman.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a list of the twenty phrases most current (and most to be deplored) in contemporary journalism.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 152a, or LITERARY 152a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.



Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, February 4. The results will be announced in the issue of February 9.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 150

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. You are standing in front of Vermeer's 'A View of Delft from the Rotterdam Canal' at the Exhibition of Dutch Art in Burlington House. While you are admiring the picture as best you may between the heads of the people in front of you, there pass by (1) An elderly lady of the middle classes; (2) Mr. Roger Fry; (3) A young lady from Mayfair; (4) A gentleman from the U.S.A.; (5) A Bond Street dealer; (6) An undergraduate from Oxford. Each sums up his or her feelings about the picture in a characteristic sentence, to which you add mentally your own brief comment before you pass along to study the 'Young Girl.' A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best sets of seven comments.

B. An unknown correspondent has called the attention of Mrs. Virginia Woolf to the fact that in 'Orlando' her hero-heroine sees the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in the reign of James I, and is awarded the Order of the Bath by Charles II. A First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for an extract from the preface of Mrs. Woolf's next book commenting upon the matter. She is to be supposed to confine herself to 100 words.

## REPORT FROM MR. HUSSEY

150A. In setting this competition I hoped to get not only amusement from characteristic gaffes, but also some intelligent comment upon the picture by Vermeer. On the whole I have been disappointed, especially in respect of the second of these aims. It is far more difficult to put into the mouth of Mr. Roger Fry (or into one's own, for that matter) a cogent piece of criticism or appreciation, than to copy out a few catchwords from his writings on æsthetic theory, or to invent a pious platitude. On the other side, the Bond Street dealer stumped most people. I cannot believe that these prosperous gentlemen are really quite as stupid as some competitors make them out to be. On the whole I think M. Shearman's entry is at once the best on average and the most subtle in characterization—though I wonder whether his own comment has the subtle meaning I have guessed at. Lester Ralph, more obvious in his effects, runs him close. His undergraduate is particularly good. An entry by Satin was in the running for a prize, but he spoilt it by excessive diffuseness. Saul Spaddacott's Mr. Fry—"Mere representation, of course—but disturbing, disturbing"—is delightful, but his young lady and his American quite spoilt his hand. James Hall also did well with Mr. Fry, and his American was good.

## FIRST PRIZE

- (1) "I am quite sure that the canal is not nearly as wide as that."
- (2) "Really rather 'swell,' but the recession lacks plasticity and I think that the colouring is a little *tel quel*."
- (3) "What on earth are those funny little people doing on the quay?"
- (4) "That's fine, though I thought it was going to be twice the size, and Andrew V. Mellor's Vermeer beats it anyway."
- (5) "No good bothering as it belongs to the Dutch Government, but I wonder whether it's worth while nosing round a bit trying to find a sketch for it or something."

- (6) "Why can't somebody give me that for 'keeps'?"

SELF: "Why bother about *Pissarro*?"

M. SHEARMAN

## SECOND PRIZE

- (1) "I never did hold with canals. When we lived in Regent's Park, poor Herbert's rheumatics was . . ."

- (2) "Of course, failing impressionistic treatment, there is something to be said for this dilution of Baroque tactility. But it remains sticky."

- (3) "Vermeer, Darling . . . quite too rare . . . only about forty in the world, Billy says, and he's fixed up that dance for the three of us. Of course you're coming?"

- (4) "I gotta Van Goat from Pittsburg, last fall. A cinch! It 'ud swallow that li'l ole township, and the water-track and then some. Give you three, shots in wads of a hundred."

- (5) "Ma Tear! Dere's money in Still Life, and dere's money in Noods . . . but where's the market for listed stuff like dat?"

- (6) "No solidity, Old Thing! What's more, it's most devastatingly velvety."

SELF: "At least we have most of us this in common, that we look with greater appreciation at a young girl, however undecorative physically, than at something we cannot grasp."

LESTER RALPH

150B. There were only a few entries for this part of the competition, but all of them were good. No space was wasted over inessential details, and everyone took up a position which Mrs. Woolf might be supposed to occupy. In fact, with one exception, they all took up the same position. I think Valimus comes nearest to Mrs. Woolf's style, and to him I award the first prize. The second goes to Orlando Furioso, only because W. G. spoilt his entry with a too pompous opening. Lester Ralph is commended, but is he not just a little too baroque?

## FIRST PRIZE

. . . . But that debt to my gentle reader is rather for his interest than for his discovery. He has moved, a little proudly, along those arid tracks of time over which, in 'Orlando,' I sought to fly on aspiring, if fickle, wings. So, if from my point of vantage I caught amid the pinnacles and spires of history the gleam of a dome he had not reached in his travels, and descried across a dusky century the regal bath while he, perhaps, was stooping to find a garter, I may at least plead my vision against his indictment . . .

VALIMUS

## SECOND PRIZE

A correspondent has accused me of "anachronisms," but surely if Time is to have any meaning for us he must be winged, a Pegasus, free to range the windy plains of human consciousness, or a bee with licence to plunder any flower in the long valley of history: to-morrow's flowers no less than those of to-day and yesterday. To put a percipient mind into Time like a peg in a cribbage board is to exalt life above literature, a practice which should be left to the lesser kind of University professor.

O. FURIOSO

## COMMENDED

In reply to those photographers of the minutely inessential whose rooting has unearthed some anachronistic truffle delightful to porcine discrimination, I may point out that even on their own ground, treading delicately, one may meet them. Whether Inigo's cathedral were domed, or altogether damnably Renaissance; and whether that Order were or were not revived during the reign of Charles II, are questions not for the artist but the archivist. Orlando's vision was authentic to him, just as the Order conferred upon him was commensurate with the occasion; and both are germane to the ideal treatment of the real which Art demands.

LESTER RALPH

## BACK NUMBERS—CIX

WITH so little ground left unworked by American and Teutonic researchers, a man may well boast of any small literary discovery, but that which I have just made is a very great one. Lest, in Wilde's witty phrase about the mystery novels of James Payn, the suspense of the writer should become intolerable, I hasten to confide it to this fit audience. Briefly, it is the origin of that esteemed and now generally used literary form—the social note or par, the snippet from the diary of the man about town or the lady of fashion, the instrument of, among others less famous, Lord Castlerosse.

\* \* \*

The thing, now vended with racing tips and other such matters of democratic concern, was born in the purple, in the purplest of patches. Not to delay disclosure any longer, the beginning is in De Quincey. Listen:

But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And her name is —

Her name is any that you care to pick out of scores well known to the readers of the brighter papers. There would be nothing to disconcert one in such a paragraph in to-day's paper, for the jazzing and gate-crashing of youngest sisters are familiar to us. But in De Quincey's day, when the waltz shocked by its licentiousness so moderate a moralist as Byron, steps were strictly ordered, and leaps in any degree resembling a tiger's would not have had the approval of the best social authorities. De Quincey was prophetic; wrote in anticipation of our social life rather than in description of that in which, night-moth though he was, he took but a nominal part.

\* \* \*

At what date English society, in respect of its young women, became fast is not easily to be determined. But for Saturday Reviewers it is a part of piety to believe that it was in the time of Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose famous article on 'The Girl of the Period' created a sensation without parallel. But Mrs. Lynn Linton, though in the broader sense the greatest social journalist of her age, was no writer of society "pars." She surveyed tendencies, and did not deal in personalities. She pilloried types, and unlike De Quincey would never have ended a passage with: "And her name is —." Or, if she had fallen into that error, she would have "sinned strongly," and would not have been guilty of the timid pomposity of writing "And her name is *Mater Tenebrarum*," when she meant Mrs. Dark.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Lynn Linton is not in the pedigree at all. She had attached herself, in a *quasi* filial relation, to so aloof a master as Landor; and though it cannot be said she learned her style from him, she was a comparatively plain writer. The plush of prose derives, not from her well-wearing serge, but from the velvet of De Quincey. In the notices given by the SATURDAY during seventy years to volumes of social reminiscence and gossip we may have glimpses of the development of the form, but for a really clear view of it it is, of course, necessary to go outside of literature and to the magazine or home or chit-chat pages of the papers.

The subject thus falls for the most part outside my scope. Yet not quite so much outside it as might be supposed. For the social parade has been introduced into fiction from the papers. Do not ask me when that happened. Let it suffice that a landmark was 'Dodo,' which, if my memory serves me, was published in 1894. Recall the description of Mrs. Vane:

Mrs. Vane's smile always suggested a reformed vampire, who had permanently renounced her blood-thirsty habits, but had not quite got out of the way of gloating on what would have been her victims in the unregenerate days.

Evidently, a change has been wrought in the temper of the artist. De Quincey notes the bounding and the self-invitation of Mrs. Dark in the pure artistic spirit. Social experience, he would admit if you were trivial enough so to question him, social experience of the corybantic and intrusive lady would be trying. But, then, so would William Blake, who walked as firmly in this world as in the next, have acknowledged that the tiger, whether burning in the forests of the night or otherwise diverting itself, is not the most satisfactory of companions. Putting such petty considerations apart, those two great writers observed, the one his beauty, the other his beast, as illustrations of splendid energy. On the other hand, Mr. E. F. Benson regards Mrs. Vane with a certain prejudice, an obvious thankfulness that the vampire in her has been subdued.

\* \* \*

It is of this prejudice, this really irrelevant malice, that I wish to complain when I scrutinize the society "pars" in the papers of to-day. It is not as if there has been no great examples to the contrary since De Quincey.

She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her, and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary...

Possibly, Lord Castlerosse would go the length of saying of some society leader on the Riviera that she was older than the rocks among which she sits (portrait inset). But he would say it to the discredit of the lady. Not so Pater. As a man, he had a strong aversion from the decrepit, but as an artist he suspended it, and it is with an exquisite tact that he refers to her past.

\* \* \*

I appeal to Lord Castlerosse. Can he not, now that I have shown him how De Quincey dealt with Mayfair and Pater with the fashionable Italian resorts, can he not resolve to deal with his acquaintances in the spirit of art? It is merely a question of transferring people from one category to another. Mrs. Dark's leaps and forcible entries ceased to be objectionable to De Quincey the moment he concentrated on her energy; Pater found no difficulty when he had once translated the lady into a picture; and there is hardly a personage in the social news who could not be beautifully eulogized when imaginatively transmuted into the zoological order. If Christopher Smart could find a certain beauty in a cosmopolitan financier—

Through the turbulent profound  
Shoots Xiphias to his aim,

or words to that effect—why cannot our social "par" writers?

STET.



## REVIEWS

### THE ANCIENT WORLD

By EDWARD SHANKS

*The Cambridge Ancient History. Vol. VII. The Hellenistic Monarchies and the Rise of Rome.* Cambridge University Press. 37s. 6d.

THIS noble and formidable work now reaches the main turning-point in the history of the Ancient World, the point at which Rome first showed herself ready, so to speak, to "take over" from Greece. In this volume we see the Macedonian effort not only exhausted by the failure of inward qualities but also deprived of a future by the Westward widening of the focus of civilization. Alexander dreamt of an empire which would have had its centre of gravity far inland. But when Rome emerged from primitive barbarism, it became evident that the superiority of water-communications must prevail. The Mediterranean became the world, and a power situated near the centre of the Mediterranean was in a favourable situation for seizing control of that world. The Hellenistic system must henceforward look West instead of East, even if only to see its master.

This shifting of the centre of gravity has no doubt something to do with the modern impression of the Hellenistic period as one of singular dullness and barrenness. In the soldier-kings who divided up the Empire of Alexander among them, we might think that we discerned the very formula of romance, but no one has ever succeeded in making them appear even interesting. It is as though a whole period had culminated with one blaze of personality, in Alexander himself, which left nothing for his successors. We feel a faint concern in the fate of the Macedonian *Aiglon* and his mother, Roxane, but all the strings of Antigonids and Seleucids, whom none but scholars can tell apart, are as colourless in our history as they were violent and ferocious in the politics of their own day. If the Ptolemies seem to make an exception to this statement, it is only because they show up so distinctly against the background of the land they ruled and because they too at last surged up into a triumph of personality and legend which has thrown a glow backward upon them.

Much of this dullness is, as I say, caused by the fact that we can feel the main stream of history flowing elsewhere, that all these alliances, policies and battles seem to us to be meaningless, merely, as it were, filling in time until Rome was ready. But there is another cause, to which Mr. W. W. Tarn draws attention with justifiable melancholy and which makes one realize in how extraordinarily capricious a manner fate selected the specimens of ancient literature that were to come down to us. "Contemporary historians," says Mr. Tarn, "for the period covered by this chapter were abundant, but have all perished except a few fragments." Thus fades into drabness a period almost as long as that between Waterloo and the outbreak of the Great War, a period which seemed no less important to those who lived in it than did the European nineteenth century to our fathers and grandfathers. The subjects of the Seleucids and the Ptolemies, in so far as they speculated at all on the future, which was probably not as much as we do, must have anticipated a continuation of the dynastic system in the Eastern Mediterranean, with perhaps some day glorious conquests in the direction of Persia and further, and certainly with a continuous stream of new triumphs from the scientists, poets and scholars of Alexandria. It is well for us to remember that a change in the focus of history is not usually perceived at the moment of its occurrence.

With this ungrateful material, Mr. W. W. Tarn, whose great merits as a writer of history I have more than once here sought to make known, continues gallantly to grapple. If it be true that the sight of a good man struggling against adversity is ennobling to the beholder, then Mr. Tarn's chapters here are certainly to be read, not in pursuit of pleasure or of knowledge, but for the sake of moral elevation. He does his manful best, and he has provided a valuable summary of what is known. But, from the point of view of the general reader, he is a cook attempting to make an omelette with a handful of straw. The literature and science of the period, dealt with here by Mr. E. A. Barber, Dr. W. H. S. Jones and Sir Thomas L. Heath, are important enough, but it is unlikely that any historian will ever infuse interest into the politics and wars of the Hellenistic kingdoms.

The main task of this volume, therefore, so far as the general reader is concerned, is to lay a firm foundation for that story of the advance of Rome which will bring the whole work to its close. This is done with marked ability by Professor H. Stuart Jones, Mr. Hugh Last, Professor Homo, Professor Adcock and Professor Tenney Frank—an admirable collaboration of Wales, England, France and America. Here at once we feel that we are again among real people, which feeling the authors do not weaken by letting scepticism about early Roman traditions run mad. Mr. Last, abandoning the first four kings almost with regret, makes a plea for the last three, and neither he nor any of his colleagues uses the vacuum-cleaner with the ruthlessness of such scholars as, say, Pais. It is true that towards the end of the Republic the leading families of Rome were able to lie about their origins with a freedom hardly to be pictured unless we imagine Lord Melchett declaring that his name was first made illustrious by that ancestor of his who won the Battle of Flodden. But it is absurd to reject all traditions together because some of them are manifestly lies, and it is possible to pick out many in which we can believe because the events they represent left evident marks on the Roman polity. As Mr. Last justly points out, the abhorrence in which the name of King was held by the Republic is wholly consonant with something corresponding to the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus and is not at all consonant with the theory that the kingship in Rome merely dwindled as it did in Athens.

All these chapters are written not only with common sense but also with great and engaging lucidity. There is nothing about them of the angular technicality which rightly drives ordinary readers away from most modern historical writing. If the authors do err, it is sometimes in the opposite direction. I cannot help thinking that Professor Tenney Frank overreaches himself in his desire to make vivid the manner in which the First Punic War brought the Romans into contact with Greek culture:

When one remembers [he says] how in the recent war young men returned from the continent after a few campaigns filled with French phrases, habits and ideas, one naturally turns to the new literature of Rome to see whether it may not reveal the effects of this great experience.

The effect which, I should imagine, this would have on the average observant reader would be to make him exclaim that he does not remember anything of the sort. Phrases, perhaps—most of which were pidgin-French and have now disappeared from ordinary speech. But of ideas, few, and of habits none. The circumstances were totally different and there was no reason to expect a similar result. But historians who seek to interest us by comparisons drawn from our own experience should first make sure that they know what they are talking about: otherwise doubts may arise as to their competence to interpret a far-distant age.

## CASTILE IN REVOLT

*The Great Revolt in Castile.* By Henry Latimer Seaver. Constable. 24s.

THERE is a legend current in Spain that when God was apportioning to each country its share of the riches of the world, the Spaniards were granted every favour they asked, except the final one: a good government. "No," the Deity is said to have replied, "You cannot have everything." The comunero movement at the beginning of the reign of Charles V is one of numerous tragic episodes in Spanish history in which the force of the people's common sense is neutralized by their excessive individualism, and bear out the legend.

The comunero movement was the dying gesture of the towns before the new centralism—which was to develop rapidly into a fatal absolutism—established itself. If it is one of the lesser gestures of history, it has its implications, its subtleties and significance, which Mr. Seaver is not artist enough to disentangle successfully. It is possible for the historian to be an artist without being enticed into the twilight of fiction; but Mr. Seaver's art goes little beyond an ability to write romantic chapter headings to congested chapters. One cannot see the wood for the genealogical trees. He has produced a student's thesis packed with every conceivable kind of footnote and detail. As an example of his minute and surely excessive investigations, one of the minor characters is described as riding down the street on a *she mule* prior to his murder! It is not often we have to complain of excessive thoroughness in an American author; and in the case of Mr. Seaver we complain most unwillingly, for he clearly is so much in love with Spain that he cannot refrain from her. He has gone over every inch of his ground with the patience and reverence of the elderly lover.

However, his chapters are short, and his photographs astonishingly good. The rising of the Castilian towns—Segovia, Toledo, Avila, Salamanca and the rest—in open rebellion against the tyrannous policy of the king, is a good story and has its exciting episodes. The country is already complaining of the political prying of the Inquisition, the regions are not yet firmly united, in spite of Ferdinand and Isabel. Juana, the Queen, is mad and cannot reign. Charles, the heir, has been brought up in Flanders and is unable to speak a word of Spanish when he enters Spain. He is surrounded by Flemish advisers and a Flemish court: and to Flemings, many of them absentees, he awards important ecclesiastical and administrative offices. The Spaniards are either squeezed out or are made to pay through the nose for their benefactions. The king himself is an absentee king and is attempting to raise additional funds from the towns, with which to bribe his way to the throne of Holy Roman Emperor and to begin the long and fatal process of exhausting Spain in foreign wars.

The towns rose in armed rebellion and yet were loyal to a fault; the enemy was not the king but that vague, eternal Spanish "malgobierno." It is one of the paradoxes of Spanish history that a nation of provincials, a people whose regional spirit is so strong that a man who comes from the next town is looked upon as a foreigner, should have destroyed themselves nationally by the scattering of their fire, their gold, and above all their "honor" (what we would call their pride) in foreign adventures. The Spaniard is like a damp rocket that splutters feebly for a long while until, with a burst of sporadic energy, up it flies, explodes, and instead of breaking into a shower of brilliant stars, unexpectedly pops out. Such was the trajectory of the comunero rising. The Spaniard is

incapable of sustained organization and the failure of the comunero movement was a domestic miniature of the greater failure abroad. The Spanish are the most easily governed people in the world because they have no faith in government. Absolutism has found its ideal soil. There is a popular Spanish music-hall song which has the matter in a nut-shell:

Free thought  
I loudly do proclaim;  
And death to him  
Who does not think the same.

Whatever else it is, that is an heroic sentiment, and Mr. Seaver has at least not missed the heroic note in his narrative. Students will be grateful to him for his facts even if they have to go elsewhere—to the austere pages of Altamira, for instance—for ideas. There is one astonishing omission—a map.

V. S. P.

## HARDY HIMSELF

*The Early Life of Thomas Hardy, 1840-1891.* By Florence Emily Hardy. Macmillan. 18s.

"MR. HARDY'S own reminiscent phrases," Mrs. Hardy tells us in her introduction, "have been used or approximated to whenever they could be remembered, or were written down at the time of their expression *voix* *voce*: on this point great trouble has been taken to secure exactness." But something much more than mere terminological exactitude has been secured. The whole book, one feels, is just as Hardy himself would have written it, the whole "atmosphere" precisely that with which he himself would have clothed it if he had ever got further than the chapter-headings and the rough, occasional notes which he was at last induced to commit to paper—more in self-defence than anything else, for he "had not sufficient admiration for himself" to wish to write an autobiography, and only the appearance of a certain unauthorized "life" stirred him to this effort.

In this narrative of Hardy's early years we are shown, again and again, the origin of incidents which he was later to depict in his novels or his poems—no more than tentative suggestions, as a rule, but we feel in every case that the suggestion is right. Some, indeed, are obvious enough. For instance, Hardy's own note:

April 28 (1887). A short story of a young man—"who could not go to Oxford." His struggles and ultimate failure. Suicide. There is something [in this] the world ought to be shown, and I am the one to show it to them—though I was not altogether hindered going, at least to Cambridge, and could have gone up easily at five-and-twenty.

A characteristic "reaction"; marked here as "probably" the origin of 'Jude the Obscure.'

We have here a new and revealing collection of Hardy sayings, jotted down quite casually, with no attempt to polish them up for the printer—and, of course, none the worse for that. "If it be possible to compress into a sentence all that a man learns between twenty and forty, it is that all things merge in one another—good into evil, generosity into justice, religion into politics, the year into the ages, the world into the universe." "'All is vanity,' saith the Preacher; but if all were only vanity who would mind? Alas, it is too often worse than vanity; agony, darkness, death also." There is something about that "death also" which seems to sum up the worst that Hardy's unkindest critics have ever said of



him. And this is how he greeted his twenty-fifth birthday: "My twenty-fifth birthday. Not very cheerful. Feel as if I had lived a long time and done very little."

As Mr. Squire once said of him, he seemed very young as an old man, but as a youth he must have seemed prodigiously old. Even travel, which he loved, ended too often in disillusionment. But there are some wonderful descriptive passages; for instance this, written in the British Museum Reading Room:

Souls are gliding about here in a sort of dream—screened somewhat by their bodies, but imaginable behind them. Dissolution is gnawing at them all, slightly hampered by renovations. In the great circle of the library. Time is looking into Space. Coughs are floating in the same great vault, mixing with the rustle of book-leaves risen from the dead, and the touches of footsteps on the floor.

And rapier thrusts of wisdom, such as this: "My art is to intensify the expression of things, as is done by Crivelli, Bellini, etc., so that the heart and inner meaning is made vividly visible."

The high quality of this book can only be indicated by quotations. It is a remarkable work—as secure of its place as Hardy's own writings. But it makes chastening reading for the critic. The *Spectator* of those days, after an unnecessarily savage attack upon Hardy's first novel, hailed 'Far from the Madding Crowd' (which was published anonymously) as a new work by George Eliot. The *SATURDAY* (in the person of Horace Moule) showed more perspicacity. But the reviewers, as a whole, do not come very well out of this test.

## ENGLISH HEXAMETERS?

Virgil, *The Georgics in English Hexameters*. By C. W. Brodribb. Benn. 12s. 6d.

A HOST of critics, poets and scholars have decided against the English hexameter. We have the iambus, the anapaest and the trochee; we are not easy with the dactyl; and above all we lack the spondee, which adds so much to the Roman gravity. Since English poetry after Milton did not follow his concise classicism, we naturally use many little and hopelessly light words, the prepositions which denote cases and diminutive auxiliary verbs. On the other hand, English poetry has won the right to vary its metres by irregular syllables, lengthening lines or shortening them, as Gray did when he wrote "In loose numbers wildly sweet" with a license unknown to Latin poetry, and unsuitable for the hexameter in English.

Hexameters of a casual sort are so easy to make as not to be worth making except for comic purposes. Stricter ones have to rely on a variety of stress and quantity which we cannot help regarding as unnatural in English to-day. Plenty of words which, we know, are not spondees have to bear the spondaic burden for the sake of the metre, and we cannot pay words extra to assume a new scansion. Mr. Brodribb in his brief note of preface says it would be pedantic not to use "Ceres" with the first "e" long and "Saturn" with a short "a," and this applies equally to many English words besides proper names. The result is that a critic who knows the hexameter rhythm as well as his own name is perpetually pulled up and has to look twice to see how a line scans. "If the blood at my heart flows all coldly to fire me" is an instance. Mr. Brodribb has made a brave attempt, supported by an excellent but decidedly archaic vocabulary, but it is not possible for every lover of Virgil to share the publisher's confident rapture. The passages in praise of a country life and the worship of the Muses show that he can be dignified and effective, but we wonder if he has done well

in departing from his original where there is no question of awkward idiom. Virgil's story of Orpheus and Eurydice is the top of Latin art in poetry. Here is the end of the forlorn lover in Mr. Brodribb's version, which is stately and not, as elsewhere, encumbered with verbs in "eth" (IV, 518):

And to the Rhipaeon snowplains unmelted, alone he Ranged, for his Eurydice was lost, Hell vainly obliging. So the Cicon matrons were spurn'd, and they to requite him, Flown with nightly carouse and spilt of Bacchanal orgies, Rent the singer piecemeal, dismembering all his features. E'en then a head torn off from a neck like fine alabaster In midstream, 'tis alleg'd, roll'd down Oeagrian Hebrus; And upon Eurydice, though froze her tongue was, a voice call'd: Ah! wretched Eurydice the ebbing breath lastly saluted: Eurydice the river reaches responded on all sides.

The second line stands for Virgil's "lamenting his lost Eurydice and the vain boon of Dis." The weak "'tis alleg'd" is a fill-up for the sake of the metre. Why not "carried in midstream," as the Latin has *portans*? A line of singular beauty is Eurydice's

*Invalidasque tibi tendens heu! non tua palmas,*

which is rendered

Feel these hands: how nerveless! Alas, no longer am I thine.

But she did not ask him to feel her hands; could she have hoped it, since Hell had boomed its notice of the broken contract? The charm of *tibi* and *non tua* in the single sentence is lost. Surely English could get nearer to it. At IV, 532, we read:

They, that dame's partners who danced with her in the merry greenwood.

"They" are "nymphae" and might be "nymphs" in English. Later they are "napaeae," "dell-nymphs." The translation drops this pretty word from the Greek, though for once it looks like a real spondee. The "merry greenwood" is "lucis in altis." "Merry" imports the romantic associations of our English Robin Hood, and do we want them here? Virgil's "Flumina amem silvasque inglorius" is turned into "Stream-lover and forester, though fame perish." It seems a pity not to reproduce the Latin *inglorius*, as it has been made English and poetic for ever by Gray the conscious Virgilian in his 'Elegy.'

Classical translators, as we have been saying for years, should number their lines in tens at the side. At any rate, they should tell us at the top of each page what lines in the Latin original it covers. Mr. Brodribb does neither, thus giving the reviewer no help to look up a test passage. Perhaps he or his publishers thought such good sense would spoil a comely book, which is attractive both in its printing and the woodcuts.

## OCTAVIA HILL

Octavia Hill: *Early Ideals*. From Letters edited by Emily S. Maurice. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

A FULL account of the life and work of Octavia Hill, one of the most remarkable personalities of the last century, has already been published and these new letters, written by her between the ages of seventeen and thirty-seven, form an interesting post-script revealing her early thoughts and aspirations and recounting some of her early experiences in housing, education, and social reform. The greater number of these letters was written to a much older woman, Mary Harris, a member of the Society of Friends, and many of them record the serious questionings of a deep and earnest nature. Many were addressed to Ruskin, and some of his replies are here printed for the first time. Inevitably the latter have a greater

interest than the others. Here is a characteristic letter from Ruskin, dated May, 1862 :

It is all right—as far as anything is ever right. I knew you would break down again—the only thing is not to break up. One sort of break is like a carriage spring which can be mended—the other like a ship's keel which can't. Take care of yourself and don't be a goose any more. When in the world did you think I blamed you for not converting Africans? If there's any creature on earth I think more absurd and offensive than another (and always have), it's a missionary (except always Livingstone and Colenso).

Octavia Hill's letters showed her pondering deep and serious questions at an early age and later leading an extremely busy life: drawing for Ruskin, acting as secretary for Working Women's Classes, and managing a toymaking business for the employment of poor children. In an early letter about Ragged Schools she exclaims: "Oh, to hear how people talk of others, and think they are treating them as Christians! I'd rather be a table than a Ragged School child." Sometimes she is effusive, as when she speaks of all that Ruskin conveyed by a single pressure of the hand, and at others she falls into the second person singular:

Wilt thou be astonished to hear that Gertrude is going to be married to Charles Lewes, the step-son of the authoress of 'Romola'? I have such faith in Gertrude's goodness as really to expect great happiness for her. It is all very wonderful. . .

A rather different Octavia appears in the following letter:

I went to hear John Stuart Mill. It was very interesting. The other candidate, Captain G., is a handsome (so-called), empty-headed puppy. I should think with just that dash of momentary mettle one sees latent, very latent usually, in high-born people; but as to brains and heart, I should think he has none. It was therefore very queer to hear first his answers and then Mill's to the questions put to them. The one so flippant, empty, conventional and meagre, the other so keenly clear, definite, and far-reaching. Compulsory Education, Disestablishment of the English Church, Separation of Married People in Workhouses, the right of landlords over tenants, all were dealt with so distinctly. You know that Mill would never win my heart, but he is decidedly an able man, and I liked watching him, as one would a finely-contrived machine.

A letter like this may forfeit the sympathy of some readers; but only for a moment. The very next letter begins: "I have been collecting money to help a paralysed old lady."

Leslie Stephen wrote of Robert Owen that he was one of those bores who are the salt of the earth. Octavia Hill would perhaps have been proud to be numbered in the same noble company. Her work has born fruit in the progress of many movements: Housing, the National Trust and the Commons Preservation Society. This further tribute to her memory, if it does not add to her stature, gives additional knowledge of the intimate workings of her mind as well as providing welcome unpublished letters of Ruskin.

## HANDICAPS

*Mental Handicaps in Literature.* By Edwin Marion Cox. The Mental Handicaps Series. Ballière. Tindall and Cox. 3s. 6d.

THIS new 'Mental Handicaps Series' is not going to be so simple as it sounds. For instance, it is going to be extremely difficult to avoid overlapping. The mental defects which handicap a writer are much the same as those affecting the painter or composer, and this applies even more strongly to such subjects as "tennis," "cricket," "golf" and "sport," on each of which we are promised a separate volume. There is difficult weather ahead.

In the meantime, however, we can compose ourselves to enjoy Dr. Cox's interesting contribution on the mental troubles of literary men. He treats his subject from the medical rather than the literary point of view, and carefully avoids quotations from

the various writers (not more than a dozen or so) whom he has occasion to name. It is to be noted that every one of his "handicaps" may also be an advantage. Rage, for instance, is often a stimulating lash to the sluggish pen; poverty may make literary expression a practical necessity to some genius who would otherwise have been too lazy to discover his own gift; alcohol, as Dr. Cox admits, must have done at least as much good as it has done harm; and the historian of Chinese letters may even find something to be said in favour of opium as against the terrible example of De Quincey.

One of Dr. Cox's most interesting chapters deals with what he calls the handicap of "epochal conditions"—that is to say, the influence of the age in which we live. It would be interesting to pursue his speculations as to how much better (or worse) Tennyson, Longfellow, or Thackeray might have done in another age. It is certain, however, that this is a handicap which it is useless to strive against, for no man by taking thought can alter the date of his birth. Almost equally difficult to resist is the handicap of journalism—by which Dr. Cox means not only writing for, but also reading newspapers. He complains that journalism has introduced slang into the language, and does not seem to be aware that there is any case for the other side. But the truth is that nothing is wholly good or bad. It takes all sorts to make a world, and a vast bundle of assorted handicaps to make a writer.

## WILD LIFE IN CEYLON

*Tales from some Eastern Jungles.* By K. W. S. Mitchell. Palmer. 15s.

MR. MITCHELL'S delightful book is the record of many days and nights spent in the jungles of Ceylon, with rifle and camera. It would be difficult to say from which implement Mr. Mitchell has derived most pleasure, but the reader who admires the photographs of wild animals in their native haunts which illustrate this volume will have no doubts as to his own preference. Many of them have been coloured by Mr. Mitchell, and the excellent reproductions help to give the stay-at-home reader some knowledge of what Ceylon really looks like in its wilder aspects.

Mr. Mitchell writes in a pleasant colloquial style, and sets forth the results of an almost uncanny knowledge of the ways of the inhabitants of his well-beloved jungles. Take, for example, his description of the methods adopted by the mapila, a poisonous tree-snake, in hunting the birds which form its usual quarry. It ties a clove hitch with its tail round a branch, from which it lowers and swings itself head first, to find a fresh purchase, "and then, if necessary, can swarm up its own body to return to where it lowered itself from—the place where the knot is tied"—something like the fabulous cat of Kilkenny. Mr. Mitchell gives a thrilling account of an attack which he watched on a nest of young birds, reminding one of Homer's famous description of the omen from which Calchas inferred the probable length of the Trojan war. One naturally sympathizes with the birds, and is glad to learn that mind ultimately prevailed over matter. By pecking diligently at the snake's tail, "a very sensitive organ," the mother bird prevented it from tying its knot properly, and at last it had to let go and fell with a splash into the stream beneath the tree. Unfortunately Mr. Mitchell was not able to secure a photograph of this incident.

Another parallel with Homer is afforded by Mr. Mitchell's remarks on the courage of the wild pig, which provides the material of some of the best similes in the Iliad. An Indian proverb says that a



wild boar will drink between two tigers, so confident is it in its strength and constant readiness for a fight. On one occasion Mr. Mitchell was watching a panther at close quarters, with rifle and camera both cocked, when an old sow with five little pigs came trotting out of the jungle, followed by a truculent young boar with the rest of the family. The panther pounced and secured a little pig—"he seemed to straddle it and go at a gallop, with the porker between his forepaws." The other pigs, instead of running away, as most animals would do, paused for a moment, and then "like a squadron of cavalry they all went straight for the place where Spots and his prey had disappeared": but the rescue came too late.

Mr. Mitchell tells us that, if a bear with cubs is accidentally shot—of course no one would shoot her if he saw the cubs—the first male bear which comes along will take charge of the cubs, whereas another female, unless she happens to have lost her own cubs, will callously drive them away. He actually saw this happen on one occasion. He gives a most amusing account of the adventures of an elephant which met a motor-car at night on a narrow road, and was if possible more frightened than the chauffeur. He describes the *modus operandi* of the snake-stones of which the snake-gipsies profess to have the secret, and assures us that he saw a boy cured by them after being bitten by a full-grown cobra under conditions which satisfied Mr. Mitchell that there was no possibility of fraud. Two hens inoculated with the venom drawn out of the boy's hand by the snake-stones died almost instantly. The narrative of the dangers involved in tracking a rogue elephant is an admirably simple and direct piece of writing. Mr. Mitchell's whole book, indeed, is a most readable record of wild life, closely observed and clearly described.

## FRANCE

*French France.* By Oliver Maddox Hueffer. Benn. 10s. 6d.

MR. HUEFFER'S method in this instructive book is to introduce a figure representative of the provincial city or of the Village of Central France, and then turn back on an essay or a story. He can do this really well because he has lived in France among these people, and is not confined to the rather romantic point of view of the traveller or holiday-maker. Of all the characters he presents—the baker, the butcher, the hotel-keeper and so on—only the soldier appears a little ridiculous. There are excellent chapters on the love of the Frenchman for his soil, on the strange respect paid to officialdom in a dirty *képi*, on sport, the theatre, the religious question and the attitude of the artisan to the problems of the day.

The author smiles at the peasant's hatred of the wickedness of a 'monster known as International Finance. But peasants have a right instinct in these matters. It is also surprising to find a man who understands the French as well as Mr. Hueffer does saying that if the French left Indo-China or Algiers to-morrow, "In fifty years their presence would have been forgotten, so far as its effects on the population are concerned."

At the end of the book there is a passage about the necessity of a national awakening to realities. It is because the French are so wide awake to realities that any lounge in a *bistro* will debate on politics or religion at a moment's notice. But, as has been hinted, the interest and value of this book lie in the admirable pictures of provincial life, in stories like that of the Communist plasterer who was a botanist, and in the well-managed digressions.

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*The Sword Falls.* By Anthony Bertram. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

*The Rebel Generation.* By Jo van Ammers-Küller. Dent. 7s. 6d.

*The Double Image.* By I. R. G. Hart. Benn. 7s. 6d.

'THE SWORD FALLS' is a simple story. The hero, Albert Robinson, is a hero in every sense of the word. He is plain, meek, affectionate and good, a solicitor's clerk by profession. Mentally he is below the average, as are nearly all the characters in the book. Morally he is nearly perfect, one of those figures from Victorian fiction which it is the fashion to disparage or to disbelieve in. To do Mr. Bertram justice, however, he has made Albert Robinson a historical character. His youth was spent in the nineteenth century; when he joined the Army in 1917 he was fifty or thereabouts, though he proclaimed himself younger. Until the European War everything went well with him. He was a family man, pardonably proud of his wife and daughter and son. The opportunities for self-sacrifice that married life affords he invariably embraced, though sometimes not without a small show of self-will. He found his happiness in the happiness of others. Business absorbed the greater part of his time, and for relaxation he had conversations with his friends in a neighbouring bar-parlour, reunions, chiefly of his wife's relations, when a birthday or other event of family importance occurred, and occasional holidays at the seaside or in the country.

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—*Times Literary Supplement.*

## Brown on Resolution

A New Novel by C. S. FORESTER

Author of "Payment Deferred," "Love Lies Dreaming," "The Wonderful Week" and "The Shadow of the Hawk." 7s. 6d. net.

"Brown on Resolution" is a matter-of-fact tragedy that is extremely moving. The second part of the book is the story of a man's heroism during the war—Albert Brown—who fought single-handed against the crew of an armoured cruiser. There are the fine shades and subtleties in the early chapters, and Mr. Forester writes with rare restraint. This book should appeal to the discerning, and also to those who like a story of heroic adventure.

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The European War comes, the sword falls, all is changed. Eddie, the promising son, is killed, ostensibly in the face of the enemy: in reality, as Albert accidentally learns, he was shot for cowardice. Next, his house, the scene of many years' happiness, is destroyed by a bomb: his wife never recovers from the shock. Then Albert himself, to atone for his son's disgrace, enlists, goes to the front and receives an abdominal wound from which he nearly dies. He comes back to find his wife incurably ill; she dies, and he returns to his office, older and sadder, but otherwise unchanged.

The theme is the triumph of a temperament over circumstances, and its effect is distributed over the whole story, only to be fully realized at the end. Mr. Bertram is a sincere and conscientious artist: he does not believe in small profits and quick returns. He never forces his pace or his tone; he does not try to heighten the colours of ordinary life. Particularly is this noticeable in the dialogue, which is natural almost to a fault:

"Haven't we met before?" Albert asked, leaning down from his strap.

"I felt sure I recognized you, sir," said the woman, "but I can't exactly remember . . . My name is Holder."

"Why, of course, Miss Holder of Beyford, isn't it? I'm Mr. Robinson. You remember we came to stay with you years ago."

"Well I never. Dear me. I remember now as clear as clear. And how's your good lady?"

"She's very well, thank you. And Eddie's got a commission. He's at the Front."

"What, not that little chap that used to play with Elsie Grey?"

"The very same."

"Lord, it makes you feel old."

"It does. I'm always saying that. Still, a man's as old as he feels."

"Well, I must say you're not looking a day older yourself, Mr. Robinson."

And so on. One must immediately admit that this innocuous conversation does not distort life and that the effects obtained by it are undeniably genuine, owing nothing to a specious cleverness. When a motor runs over their beloved dog and Eddie asks "Why don't you get a motor-car, Daddy?" the irony is exquisitely spontaneous and unforced. Of this delicious humour, rising like bubbles through the still waters of the dialogue, there are many examples: humour is one of Mr. Bertram's strong suits. But there are many exchanges that merely illustrate the artlessness and simplicity, albeit good-heartedness, of Albert and his friends. Mr. Bertram is that common modern phenomenon, a clever man writing about stupid people; and although he never falls into the bad taste (also common enough) of patronizing or sneering at them, he does show too much respect for their good-natured dull-wittedness. Apart from this criticism, one has little but praise for 'The Sword Falls.' Like Mr. Bertram's other books it is rich in invention. It shows a strong belief in human nature which makes it morally stimulating, and a breadth of treatment which few contemporary novels can rival.

'The Rebel Generation' also relies on broad effects. Four generations of a Dutch bourgeois family in Leyden contribute to Mrs. van Ammers-Küller's chronicle. It is a tale of family discord, children at odds with their parents. The sons quarrel with their fathers, but the daughters are especially discontented; they yearn to be freed from all control. Each generation acquires new liberties; each in its turn becomes stick-in-the-mud, the butt of its younger and betters. There is a host of sisters and cousins and aunts, and these make more demands on the weary faculty of discrimination than their uninteresting personalities justify. Only two, Lysbeth and Sylvia, achieve a real individuality. They are subordinated to the scheme of the book which, by the time the third generation has disclosed

rebellious traits, becomes all too obvious. More interesting is the source of discontent, which varies more than the characters in whom it is lodged: the second generation longs for emancipation; the third is emancipated but not happy; the fourth seems to want to be emancipated from emancipation. 'The Rebel Generation' will certainly recommend itself more to the ardent feminist than to the general reader. The author has considerable mental force and the power to develop her thesis logically and unflinchingly. What she needs as a writer is a greater measure of feminine caprice. She has lapses of imagination. Parents and children are not always at logger-heads; and a great many women prefer dependence to independence. The charms of responsibility can be easily exaggerated: Mrs. Ammers-Küller seems to force her characters into disagreement; she has them too much in her control. But there is no weakness in the book: only a certain woodenness.

Improbability plays a large part in 'The Double Image.' Is it likely that a woman who had murdered her husband (he was cruel to her) would fly for refuge to the husband's mother? Or that a man with so little imagination as Joyce would make a first-rate actor? Or that Anne would make her daughter-in-law, already so nervous as to be almost mentally unfit, take the leading part in a play? Mr. Hart's plot, however, is strong and original and does much to mitigate the force of these inconsistencies.

¶ Readers who have difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will give the matter his personal attention.

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Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane,  
London.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Dictionary of the Plays and Novels of Bernard Shaw.** With a Bibliography. By C. L. and V. M. Broad. Black. 10s. 6d.

THIS work of reference should prove entertaining as well as useful; it contains an outline of Shavian history, a bibliography, a record of first productions, and lists of newspaper and periodical articles contributed by G. B. S. and about him. As far as facts can help to describe a man's work and assist the enjoyment of it, here is an ample supply of raw material for the critical student and the common reader. There are also short summaries of his novels and plays and a dictionary of all his characters. Accordingly if bored week-enders in Heartbreak House want to kill time by holiday examinations in the works of Shaw (as others do on their favourite authors) they now have available their counsellor, guide and referee. The range of the book is remarkable, but the proof-reading has been careless, and, in the case of a dictionary, the fault is considerable. Minor carelessness is common; the play 'Saint Joan' is described in one line as 'St. Joan' and in the next as 'Joan' (p. 150), and Strauss becomes Strauff on p. 104. There are two mistakes in the cast of 'Getting Married' (p. 221). A production of 'The Admirable Bashville,' given by the Stage Society at the Imperial Theatre, is described on p. 221 as being given by the "Imperial Stage Society." Such blemishes may be petty, but they should have been avoided in a literary and dramatic gazetteer of this kind.

**The Romance of Trade.** A. W. Kirkaldy. Kegan Paul. 6s.

THIS is a re-issue of a series of lectures delivered, presumably to a general audience, by the Professor of Economics of University College, Nottingham. It includes a brief outline of the history of economic practice, interesting chapters on the history of banking in England, and an outline of economic theory under the conventional headings of land, labour and capital. It closes less securely in some pages of moral precept which emerge from the author's contemplation of fundamental economic principles. Such a volume must of necessity be a little breathless; the chapter on exchange begins with Offa's laws on usury, and the theory of the economic interpretation of history is summarized, qualified and dismissed in half a paragraph. But the uninformed reader who wants everything in a volume must suffer both for his ignorance and his precipitancy. In many ways Professor Kirkaldy does well for him: he writes with vigorous clarity, and has an aptitude for neat and simple illustrations. The main deficiency is the lack of a bibliography: he often advises his readers to go further with questions which he is forced cursorily to dismiss, but gives them little guidance as to the authorities they should study.

**Memories of My Father.** By Sir Henry Fielding Dickens. Gollancz. 6s.

AFTER the irreverent outbreaks which have recently disturbed our placid hero-worship of Dickens, this little expression of fidelity by a distinguished man to his great father should serve to restore our tempers. The iconoclasts can do no more than upset our tempers; if they were to prove their case a thousand times, the "great British public" would not believe them. Dickens, like Charlemagne, is superior to history. He is already a legend; and the small fry should have learnt by now that if they throw mud at a legend it merely splashes back over themselves. Sir Henry's book is a pious tribute, but it is a little disappointing. He adds nothing significant to our knowledge of Dickens, and except in the delightful glimpse of him climbing a ladder with a hip-bath balanced on his head to dislodge a bat, we do not see him so intimately through his son's eyes as we do through his own letters.

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## FICTION

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The *Quarterly* for January opens with an obituary of Sir John Murray, finely conceived and written by C. E. L. The most notable paper is that on Lord Haldane by Mr. J. H. Morgan, K.C., who provides a "missing word" puzzle for politicians. Dr. A. A. W. Ramsay subjects Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's study of the Town Labourer to a very destructive criticism, which is followed by an equally severe treatment of 'Poplar and Poplarism' by Mr. H. J. Marshall. Dr. Ashby tells us the result of recent excavations at Ostia, and of the identification of Horace's Sabine farm, and Sir Herbert Maxwell retells the story of an Austrian diplomat in England 1819-1850. Mr. Luigi Villari examines the present condition of the relations between the Papacy and the Fascist State; Col. Murray contrasts the careers of the Empress Frederick and the late Empress of Russia; and there are studies of the "poor whites" in Africa and of Indian affairs.

The *Edinburgh* has two good papers by Mr. H. J. Randall and Mr. A. W. Tilby, marred by a needless display of ignorance of medieval cosmogony. Everyone in the Middle Ages knew that the earth was spherical and that the Antipodes existed, though they believed them to be uninhabited. Mr. R. N. C. Hunt tells the story of John of Leyden; M. Cammaerts reviews modern English literature, and finds its most notable feature to be the persistence of the child outlook. Sir Frederick Maurice deals with 'Lord Oxford's Conduct of the War,' approving his attitude; Mr. H. S. Vaughan recounts the horrors of 'The Convict Ship'; Dean Hutton writes on 'The Later Years of Warren Hastings'; Lord Olivier on negro agriculture in Jamaica indicates some lessons for Kenya.

The *Criterion* brings together "some opinions" on Mr. Shaw's recent book, extremely well expressed; Prof. Grierson concludes his study of Milton; M. Gaxotte very justly emphasizes the first-rate importance of the historical work of Fustel de Coulanges; Mr. Herbert Read summarizes a controversy between Messrs. Benda and Forester on Humanism; and Mr. T. S. Eliot writes on 'The Literature of Fascism.' The German Chronicle by H. Max Rychner is devoted to Scheler; the Foreign Periodicals are Italian and French.

The *New Adelphi*, among other noteworthy contributions, publishes 'Fifty Years of British Idealism' by Prof. Santayana, dealing mainly with Bradley's philosophical work; 'Art and Society' by Mr. J. M. Murry, a criticism of Mr. H. G. Wells's latest standpoint. 'Is there a Pure Poetry?' by M. Jules de Gaultier, treats the subject from a biological and a mental point of view—poetry must be a compromise. The Shakespearean Notes deal with Keats's Shakespeare and Mr. W. J. Lawrence.

*Antiquity* has a valuable and well-illustrated paper on 'The Oldest Swiss Lake-dwellings,' the finds being properly classified, and ranging from early Neolithic to the Copper Age; a description of the Stone Cists of Britain; a study of primitive trade routes in 'Massilia and Early Celtic Culture'; a very fully illustrated paper on 'The Monasteries of Mount Athos'; a paper on the source of the copper of the Sumerians; and an examination of the question as to the whereabouts of the ford of Oxford. The Notes and Reviews are of the greatest interest and value.

*Science Progress* has articles on the relation between 'Soil Bacteria and Fertility' by Mr. Gray of Rothamstead; on the work of the Fisheries Laboratory at Lowestoft by Dr. E. C. Russell, which deals with the practical problems of the North Sea fisheries; on 'Welds in the Economy of Agriculture'; and on 'Experimental Graphology' by Dr. Sandek, in which the determination of character by handwriting is studied. Among the 'Recent Advances' the article on Prehistoric Archaeology is of general interest.

The *Church Quarterly* contains papers on 'Sudbury's London Register' by Dr. Claude Jenkins, treating of the London Diocese between 1362 and 1375; 'St. Paul's Malady' by Dr. F. R. M. Hitchcock, which he takes to have been scurvy; on 'Coverdale and the Psalter' by Mr. E. Clapton, a tribute to Coverdale's magnificent English; and a number of more strictly theological studies and reviews. 'Pilgrim's Progress' by Canon Addleshaw is a study of the religious novel of the last century.

The *Print Collector's Quarterly* contains papers on 'George Dance's Heads' by Mr. H. Stokes, with drawings of Boswell, Horace Walpole, and Bennet Langton among others; on 'The Etchings of D. de Segonzac' by M. Roger-Marx; on 'Some Problems of the Early History of Mezzotinting' by Mr. C. E. Russell, dealing with the work of Von Siegen and his followers; and on 'The Etchings of Graham Sutherland and Paul Drury.' The Editorial Notes deal with a new Monotype inventor, and refer to the work of W. H. Hooper.

The *Hibbert* opens with a defence of 'Mother India' and contains papers on the specific character of Russian Orthodox religion in worship; on 'The Human Value of the New Astronomy' by Mr. F. S. Marvin; on 'An Ancient Astronomer'—Cleomedes—who in the first century a.c. arrived at many accurate results; on 'The Ethics of Investment'; on 'Labour: a Manifestation of the Devil' by Mr. H. P. Vowles, who manages, surprisingly, to misunderstand Prof. Lethaby; on Shakespeare and Spinoza by Dr. Hugh Brown; and a number of other good contributions.

*Foreign Affairs* (the U.S.A.) continues to be the best statement of the subjects it deals with. Herr W. Marx writes on 'The Rhineland Occupation' from the German standpoint, "A. E." on "Twenty-five Years of Irish Nationality," Mr. Harold Nicolson on 'Curzon'; Soviet Russia is treated of in four papers showing the identity of the Russian Communist Party with the Soviet Government; Mr. Stefansson writes on Iceland, which will be a stage on the America-Europe air route; Signor de Madariaga has an excellent study and criticism of 'The Three Latin Sisters'; and Mr. Kerner tells the story of Czechoslovak Independence.

The *Bermondsey Book* contains two short plays from Mr. Thornton Wilder's book; a story by Mr. John van Druten; an essay, 'Praise of the Immoderate' by Mr. Louis Golding; and a paper on Mr. D. H. Lawrence's novels by Mr. J. S. Collis. There are a number of very promising contributions in prose and verse, most of them in the melancholy note which is the privilege of youth.

The *Journal of Philosophic Studies* contains papers on 'Gentile's Philosophy of the Spirit'; 'The Case for Emergent Evolution'; 'Religion and Science'; 'The Possibility of Rationalism in Ethics'; 'The Location of Physical Objects'; 'The Philosophy of Social Life'; and 'The One and the Many.'

The *Fighting Forces* is an excellent compound of the lighter and more serious sides of Service life. There are three good short stories, some critical papers, a study of the Norman invasion of 1066, and a particularly good article on the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. Books are reviewed from the Service standpoint.



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THE NAMES OF THIS PAIR 'TIS FOR YOU TO DIVINE.

- 1 A fish the kayaked Eskimos pursue.
- 2 "Patmos of Luther," fifteen-twenty-two.
- 3 Your name is Peace: seek, child, to make no foes!
- 4 She heard the Voice of Power, and arose.
- 5 The patriarch twice curtail who walked with God.
- 6 To hear the truth from him would be quite odd.
- 7 Language of fish-hags; filthy, frightful, foul.
- 8 Foreboded, so 'twas thought, by hooting owl.
- 9 Wine he forswears, beer, cider, spirits, ale.
- 10 The Mount of Blessing here must shed its tail.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 356

MONARCHS TO DANIEL AND EZRA KNOWN;  
BOTH OCCUPIED THE FAMOUS PERSIAN THRONE.

1. From emperor a rapid river part,
2. Then of a winged-one extract the heart,
3. Here are swift horses trained, great races ridden.
4. Within this hot-house flower a forest's hidden.
5. Fools, on their luck with me their fate who stake!
6. The bane you've drunk? Then this 'tis well to take.
7. He from foul dross the precious metal clears.
8. Frisks where yon Alpine height its forehead rears.
9. Now at both ends a marionette we'll pare.
10. Their use is, to revive the fainting fair.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 356

K	Aiser <sup>1</sup>	<sup>1</sup> And dark as winter was the flow
bl	Rd	Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
N	T	Campbell: <i>Hohenlinden</i> .
ewmarke	ia <sup>2</sup>	<sup>2</sup> The Gardenia, or Cape Jasmine, was
G	X	introduced into England in 1754. For
D	E	the Forest of Arden see <i>As You Like</i>
A	R	<i>It</i> , Act ii. sc. 4.
ntidot	X	
R	Et	
efine	S	
I	S	
be		
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S		

ACROSTIC No. 356.—The winner is "Plumbago" (name, please!), Wiveton Barn, Cley-next-Sea, Norfolk, who has chosen as his prize 'Bush Whacking,' by Sir Hugh Clifford, published by Heinemann and reviewed by us on January 12. Thirty-five other competitors named this book, 21 selected 'The Life of Honoré de Balzac,' 17 'Seen in Passing,' 13 'The Death of Laurence Vining,' 11 'Mixed Relations,' 10 'The Travels and Settlements of Early Man,' 9 'Emotions of Normal People,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Abba, A. E., Armadale, Astur, Barberry, E. Barrett, James Benson, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bundy, Buns, M. de Burgh, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chip, Clam, Crayke, J. R. Cripps, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Dilston, D. L., Dodo, Dolmar, Ursula, D'Oc, Ebor, Reginald P., Eccles, Elizabeth, Estela, Eyhil, Falcon, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, F. R. G., Ganesh, Gay, Glamis, R. P. Graham, Miss S. M. Groves, James Hall, G. H. Hammond, Hanworth, H. C. M., Hetrians, Reginald J. Hope, Iago, W. P. James, Jeff, Jerboa, Jop, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Lepus, Lillian, Mrs. Lole, The Countess of Lovelace, Madge, Margaret, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, H. A. Meredith, Met, H. de R. Morgan, G. W. Miller, Mrs. M. Milne, Nancy Montgomerie, Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, M. T., N. O. Sellam, Oma, M. Overton, Parvus, Peter, F. M. Petty, Quis, Rabbits, Lester Ralph, Red Cot, Rho Kappa, G. H. Rodolph, Schoolie, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Margarita Skene, Spyella, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Sydney, Terra, Texa, Thora, M. D. Tosswill, Twyford, Ve, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

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ARMADALE, CYRIL E. FORD, G. W. MILLER, A. R. WHEELER.—I have previously pointed out errors in Chambers's Dictionary. Coryphée is the French form of Coryphaeus. It is masculine in every meaning but one: *la coryphée*, an African bird. See Littré, Landais, and Larousse. It is certainly not surprising that some English dictionary-compilers should mistake it for a feminine, but is it not better to correct an error than to propagate it?

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Legal and General ... ..	7,613,000	6,649,000
London Life ... ..	2,502,900	2,206,500
Pearl ... ..	11,924,900	10,215,500
Phoenix ... ..	3,004,000	2,881,000
Prudential ... ..	17,400,000	16,941,000
Refuge ... ..	6,377,400	5,844,000
Scottish Widows ... ..	3,173,000	2,664,000
United Kingdom Provident ... ..	3,109,890	3,041,000
COLONIAL OFFICES		
Confederation Life ... ..	11,700,000	10,454,000
Manufacturers Life ... ..	17,840,000	16,940,000
National Mutual of Australasia ... ..	9,807,000	8,234,000

It is notable that the oldest-established non-commission office—the Equitable—has issued new policies for well over a million, while the other non-commission office—the London Life—has passed the two-and-a-half-million mark. The Legal and General Assurance Society, which has for a number of years now confined its new business to the issue of non-profit policies at low premiums, also shows a notable advance.

The most interesting item of the year so far, however, is the announcement by the Prudential that in future free paid-up policies will be granted to all industrial policyholders in Great Britain and Northern Ireland after only one year's premiums have been paid, provided the policyholder has attained the age of ten. The announcement is the more interesting because the past year witnessed the coming into force of the provisions of the Industrial Assurance Act, 1923, regarding free policies and surrender-value rights for industrial policyholders. This Act made the granting of free policies obligatory if five years' premiums—or three years' premiums in some instances—had been paid. This provision the Prudential and some of the larger companies had already anticipated by some years. But during the last decade the economies effected in administration by our largest industrial office have enabled it to give increasing benefits and privileges to its industrial policyholders which have made their contracts much more valuable and attractive, and which have had their effect on industrial life assurance generally.

The Prudential has for some years granted profits on its industrial contracts—in 1928 the rate of reversionary bonus was £1 12s. per cent.—and a number of other offices now also grant profits to such policies. These extensions of benefit have been made possible to a large extent by the substantial reductions in working cost effected by the companies. Whereas as recently as 1920 the average ratio was 44.0 per cent.—the Prudential figure being 40.5 per cent.—in 1927 it had dropped to an average of 33.1 per cent., the Prudential ratio constituting a record at only 25.47 per cent. and this, I understand, has been further reduced.

Industrial life assurance is a great factor in the national well-being. During 1927, there were some 73,000,000 policies in force. What a commentary on the now suspended Post Office life department, which after more than sixty years' working had only some 13,000 policies in force! Life protection is a necessity to those who are able to pay for it only by monthly or weekly instalments, and they now have the convenience of regular collection of their premiums at a very moderate cost when the work and detail involved are taken into consideration.

## MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE Automobile Club de France has resumed, after two years, its sequence of Grand Prix motor races, on road circuits; this competition will be run on Sunday, June 30, on the Sarthe Circuit near Le Mans over a distance of 375 miles. This will be the twenty-third race of the series which succeeded the Gordon Bennett Cup events after that annual competition was discontinued.

The Royal Automobile Club are holding their Tourist Trophy race on the Newtownards road circuit near Belfast on August 17; this is not restricted to one class of racing motor cars, as is the Grand Prix, but is a handicap event on the lines of the Le Mans twenty-four hours race for "Sports" cars of any sized engine, so that British motor manufacturers who wish to give a public test of the capabilities of their vehicles can do so in Northern Ireland, in addition to taking part in the French race at Le Mans on June 13 and 14.

In Africa Capt. Malcolm Campbell is hoping to regain for Great Britain the world's land speed record over a mile, and, at the same time, to demonstrate that the automobile engineer can design and construct a machine capable of a speed of 220 miles an hour which can remain upright on its wheels and be handled in safety by its driver. Major H. O. D. Seagrave's racing car has been on view at Devonshire House this week; he wishes to capture with it the Sir Charles Wakefield £1,000 Cup and the £1,000 per annum income accompanying it, for the world's record land speed over a mile, to show that hand and eye can keep control of a racing motor car at a speed of 250 miles an hour.



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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

I HAVE frequently commented on the change that has taken place in the possession of wealth during recent years; in the past much money was held in a few hands, to-day little money is held in a large number of hands. Further evidence of this was forthcoming this week when, in the course of his annual address at the Midland Bank meeting, Mr. McKenna referred to the fact that the capital of the bank was held by about 71,000 shareholders. Many people, in reading of the vast profits earned by the Joint Stock Banks, have imagined that these profits were being earned for a comparatively limited number of wealthy bankers in Lombard Street. The information supplied by Mr. McKenna should shatter this idea once and for all. The officials of the Midland Bank perform their duties and earn profits, not for a limited circle of millionaires, but for 71,000 people. That the man in the street during the last few years has become a capitalist and owns a definite stake in the country is a fact that one can unreservedly welcome.

Not merely, however, are the owners of the Midland Bank small people, but presumably a large number of those to whom it grants loan facilities come into this category. Mr. McKenna divulged, in his speech, that at June 30 last loans and advances were extended to more than 180,000 borrowers, the average amount outstanding being £1,200. Mr. McKenna devoted a considerable portion of his speech to analysing the advances which were outstanding at that date, and stated the percentage that fell in each of many selected groups. The largest borrowers were undertakings engaged in the textile industries. This group, which includes brokers, merchants, spinners and manufacturers, accounted for 12½%, or close on one-eighth of the total advances. Loans in the building and land group amounted to 11½% of the total. While these included temporary loans for investment in houses and land, and for the purchase or construction of houses for the buyer's own occupation, the larger part of the money—Mr. McKenna explained—had been lent to builders, contractors, brick-makers and others. Loans to wholesale and retail traders also amounted to 11½% of the total; more than two-fifths of this amount was lent to retailers with a single place of business, there being 31,000 loans of this particular character, the average amount of which was only £330. Mr. McKenna emphasized that these figures showed the wide extension of credit given for the distribution of all kinds of goods to the ultimate consumer. The heavy industries accounted for 7½% of the loans, while agriculture required 6½%. The loans for financing current agricultural requirements numbered nearly 15,000, the average amount being less than £500. Lack of space makes it impossible to include all the various categories mentioned by Mr. McKenna. It is interesting to note that 8½% of the total advances comprised money lent for investment in stocks and shares. As to the general outlook, Mr. McKenna, having referred to the improved relations that existed between employers and employed, said:

It may be said with truth that the prospects of peace, both international and industrial, have brightened. Peace between nations and within nations is a primary condition of our welfare, and whatever the temporary state of trade, however slow we are in solving the financial and industrial problems

which surround us, we still look forward with unshaken confidence to a time when the better relationships now established shall become the foundation of general and permanent well-being.

A sentiment with which all thinking men must agree.

## IMPERIAL TOBACCO

Shareholders in the Imperial Tobacco Company have in the past had to exercise a certain amount of patience, waiting for the share bonus which that company was believed to be in a position to distribute. This week their patience has been rewarded, as it is announced that shareholders are to receive a free bonus of one fully paid share for every four shares held; in addition, the final dividend has been increased by 1%, making the total distribution for the year 26% free of tax, compared with 25% last year. For the directors of so conservative a company as the Imperial Tobacco Company to increase their dividend simultaneously with an increase of their capital—which the bonus distribution entails—points very definitely to the fact that the directors are of opinion that they will be able to maintain the increased dividend on the increased capital. In the past I have always described Imperial Tobacco shares as a thoroughly sound permanent investment possessing considerable possibilities, and despite the fact that this week the shares have reached a record high price this description is still applicable.

## CHISWICK ELECTRICITY

The ordinary shares of certain of our electricity supply companies present excellent mediums for investment. Among these, one of the most attractive are those of the Chiswick Electricity Supply Corporation Limited. The company has an issued capital of 150,000 £1 ordinary shares and there is, in addition, £67,487 of 4½% debenture stock. These debentures are being steadily redeemed. The area of supply in Chiswick extends to Hammersmith on the east, Acton on the north, Kew on the west, and is bounded by the Thames on the south. The company also owns the Aberystwyth Electric Company. The dividends on the ordinary shares have gradually increased from 5% in 1916 to 16% in 1927. An interim dividend of 7½% was paid in July 1928. For the past three years dividends have amounted to 16%. As is the case with the majority of this class of companies, when further capital is required it is raised by a further issue of ordinary shares to existing shareholders on bonus terms, and bonuses of this nature can be anticipated. The progressive nature of this company can be gauged from the fact that every year since 1918, when the profits were £8,568, to 1927, when the profits were £45,176, has shown an increase over its predecessor.

## MONDS

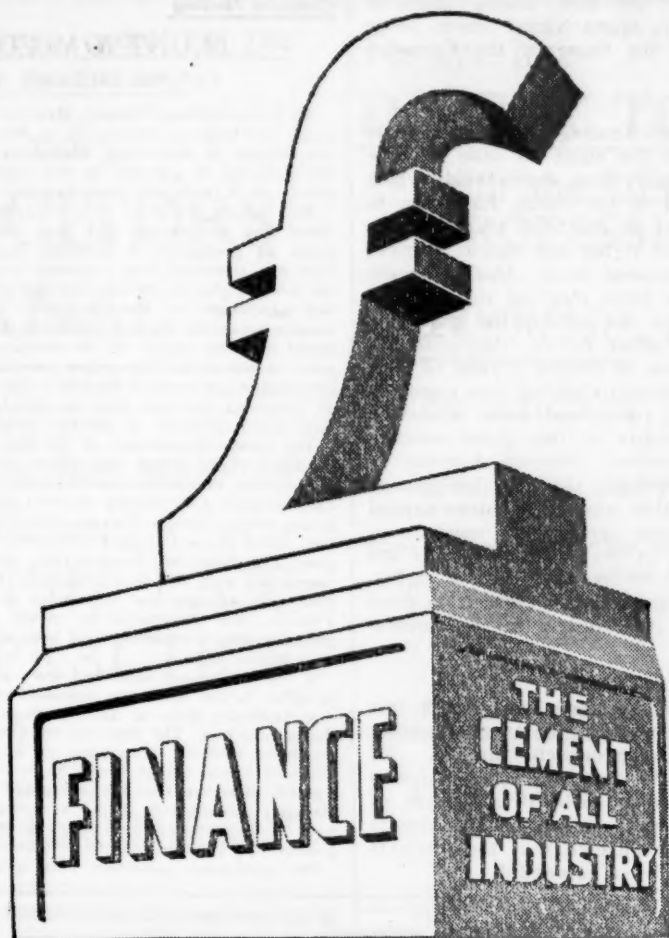
The attention of readers of these notes on several occasions during recent months has been drawn to the potentialities of the Mond Nickel Company, whose shares last week rose to "record" high prices. The extent of this rise can be appreciated by the fact that anyone who purchased shares when they were recommended in these notes in March of last year would have a profit of approximately £14 per share, the shares having been split in the interval. Those closely connected with the company, which is now in course of being merged with the International Nickel Company, are still optimistic as to the future trend of prices. The cautious investor, however, might consider the advisability of taking his profit on half

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his holding. Dealings are now taking place in International Nickel only, Mond Nickel shares being in course of exchange for those of the Canadian Company.

#### SHELLS

The Shell Transport and Trading Company recently gave their shareholders the right to take up one new share at 20s. for every five shares held, which rights have been valued in the Stock Exchange in the neighbourhood of 14s. 3d. per Shell share. Shells are now being dealt in *ex rights* and appear particularly attractive at the present level. During recent years Shell shareholders have received dividends of 25%, free of tax. It is not anticipated that this increase of capital will affect future Shell distributions; and for an investor to receive a yield of over 5%, free of tax, from his shareholding in a company such as Shells, can be considered most attractive when the future possibilities of this great concern are taken into consideration. Anyone desirous of investing money in an ordinary share of this nature, which presents considerable scope for future capital appreciation, should choose the present opportunity of acquiring an interest in Shells. As dealings are taking place both in the shares and in the rights, an investor should, before purchasing, ascertain from his stockbroker which is the cheaper at the moment of placing the order.

#### MICHAEL NAIRN AND GREENWICH

Lack of space prevented reference being made last week to the chairman's speech at the annual meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich Limited. Of particular interest was the fact that the chairman emphasized the importance of a modern system of administration in commercial business. The results achieved by this company indicate that the methods employed have certainly been successful.

#### NER-SAG

The daily Press, unfortunately, has again been provided by the City with a "news story" in the form of the extraordinary position of the Ner-Sag Company. Those who purchased these shares in the neighbourhood of £9 obviously find it very distressing when they fall to 22s. 6d.; but to describe the incident as "a City sensation" is an exaggeration. The incident is of little importance in the City; except that it emphasizes the necessity for caution.

#### SPLINTEX

The Splintex Safety Glass Company, which was registered last year, is believed to be making good progress, the company receiving more orders than it is able to execute. It is difficult to speak with any degree of certainty about a company of this nature before its first balance sheet has been issued, but its ordinary shares appear to possess speculative possibilities at the present level.

#### SANGERS

Dealings start this week in the 5s. ordinary shares of Sangers Limited. This company, which recently made a public issue, was formed to acquire the old-established business of Sangers, wholesale druggists and sundriesmen. The prospectus showed that the average net profits of the business for the past five years, after charging all expenses including management remuneration and directors' fees and depreciation, amounted to £70,587. This amount, after paying the preference dividend on the 250,000 7½% preference shares that are issued, would leave sufficient to provide a dividend of over 20% on the ordinary shares. These would therefore appear to possess interesting possibilities at the present level.

#### COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of Messrs. Blunt and McCormack Limited.

#### Company Meeting

### BLUNT & McCORMACK

#### CAPITAL INCREASE APPROVED.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Blunt and McCormack, Ltd., was held on January 21 at Winchester House, E.C., for the purpose of submitting resolutions increasing the capital of the company to £35,000 by the creation of 200,000 Ordinary shares of 1s. each and amending the articles of association.

Mr. Edgard P. Blunt (the chairman) said that the firm of Blunt and McCormack had been firmly established for many years as producers of technical films, and when the business was converted into a private limited company it acquired the world rights to patents covering a daylight screen and auto-reel attachment for film projectors, making possible the continuous automatic display of films in daylight. It was originally hoped that the capital of the company, although small, would prove sufficient for the proper carrying out of the company's programme, but as the field was a large one, and as the delivery of projectors had not been as speedy as was hoped, it had been found necessary to provide further working capital.

The steady development of the film industry and the coming of the daylight screen had led to a great expansion in the demand for the production of technical and advertising films. The company had recently received film production orders for, among others, Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., Messrs. J. and J. Colman, Ltd., Ford Motor Company (England), Ltd., Mellin Griffith Company, Ltd., Scammell Lorries, Ltd., and United Dairies, Ltd. In connection with the Motor Show at Olympia, the Ford Motor Company arranged for a number of their agents to display films in their showrooms by means of this company's auto-projector, and instructions had been received for the production of a special film.

If the resolutions submitted were passed the Board intended to offer to the Ordinary shareholders by way of rights one new Ordinary share at 2s. per share for every two Ordinary shares now held. The directors and their friends had guaranteed the issue without commission or fee of any sort. As the Ordinary share capital would be increased by 50 per cent., it was felt to be fair that the percentage of profits accruing to the Ordinary shareholders should be similarly increased by 50 per cent.—namely, from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent.—and this suggestion was embodied in the resolution.

The resolutions submitted were unanimously approved.

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